

The Birth of a Maccaroni.



*By the Hen, Folly, here an Egg was laid,
But see it Crack'd, and the contents display'd.
See into Life a Chicken Mortal swell,
A Maccaroni bursting from the Shell!*

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T H E
E G G,

Or the MEMOIRS of

GREGORY GIDDY, Esq;

With the LUCUBRATIONS of

Messrs. FRANCIS FLIMSY, FREDERIC FLORID, and
BEN BOMBAST.

To which are added,

The Private Opinions of PATTY POUT, LUCY LUSCIOUS,
and PRISCILLA POSITIVE.

Also the MEMOIRS of a

Right Honourable PUPPY.

Or, the

B O N T O N display'd:

Together with Anecdotes of a

Right Honourable SCOUNDREL.

Conceived

By a Celebrated H E N,

And laid before the PUBLIC by a FAMOUS
COCK-FEEDER.

*The Title of our EGG is but the Shell,
The Meat, or Sense, its Excellence will tell.
Then crack the Shell, with Candour read the Book,
And judge the Author as you judge a Cook.
Come with a sharp keen mental Appetite;
We hope our Egg will feast you with Delight.
If Satisfaction's giv'—we think, at least,
You ought to thank the Founder of the Feast.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for S. SMITH, in Pater-Noster-Row, and sold by all other
Booksellers in Town and Country.

1772.

THE

G G E

OF THE MEMOIRS OF

GREGORY GIDDY, Esq;

With the Description of
His Life and Adventures, from his Birth to his Death, and
the Particulars of his Travels, and the various
Incidents which attended them, as they are related by
himself, in his own Words, and in his own Style.

Right Honourable PUPPY.

B O N T O N display

Right Honourable PUPPY.



By a Club of
Antiquaries, and the Society of Antiquaries
of London.

The Title of this Book is, 'The Memoirs of Gregory Giddy, Esq; with the Description of his Life and Adventures, from his Birth to his Death, and the Particulars of his Travels, and the various Incidents which attended them, as they are related by himself, in his own Words, and in his own Style.' This Book is now published by the British Museum, and is sold by all the Booksellers in London.

L O N D O N

Printed by J. Smith, in Strand, and sold by all the Booksellers in London.

Truth is a deep sea, and billows



ADVERTISEMENT.

THere is nothing in general deemed more ridiculous than prejudice, nor is there any thing which more universally prevails.

The man who fancies himself candid, is often bias'd, and does more mischief by the apparent coolness of his judgment and seeming impartiality, than him who avows his prejudiced principles, and openly acts in defence of a favourite notion.

Truth

Truth is a deep sea, and difficult to wade. Those who attempt to fathom it, lose themselves in the labyrinth of their own reasoning, and while they seem to inveigh against narrow notions, yield to their influence.

How many of our learned men would despise that Emperor of China, who on account of his wisdom was esteemed an oracle, for declaring that water *was always in a fluid state*, when the absurdity would have been in a contrary declaration, because he had never in his life seen snow, or ice. Indeed it is very probable, he might have heard of those modifications of
the

the Aqueous Element. But we must still admire his good sense, in not lending a credulous ear to vague and doubtful evidence.

Let us, if possible, get rid of our old prejudices, without acquiring any that are new. On this principle, our book will be read with an unbiaſſed attention. It may at least boast novelty, yet that novelty is as old as the creation, which may seem rather paradoxical. It is nevertheless true; for every portrait here delineated, is exactly copied from nature.

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T H E
E G G.

C H A P T E R I.

We shall to make our readers stare,

Begin our novel with a prayer.



E humbly beseech all critics, who imagine themselves to be omniscient, all self-elected judges of literature, all demy connoisseurs who have but little good nature, and less taste; all virtuoso's who have much taste without good-nature, learning without feelings, or experience without tenderness. All bucks, bloods, choice spirits and humbuggers who are devoid of sentiments, and all readers of modern novels who have adopted sentiments

B

that

that never existed in nature, all such we humbly

— *In a civil way*

Beseech, implore, beg, supplicate, and pray,

That they will not give judgment upon this our work before they have read it, nor term that reading which is only turning over the leaves in a cursory manner, but after a careful perusal deliver their opinions candidly. We thought it necessary to form this prayer, and humiliate ourselves before the potentates of criticism; because we have deviated from the common track, so much beaten and pursued by our brother Novelists, and have struck into a new path. We therefore wish as they behave to this our work, that they may receive the highest mental satisfaction from every future work, which they may be disposed to pursue, *Amen.*

Having thus said a prayer in the beginning of our work, like a devotee in the beginning

ning of the day, we shall descend from the

First person plural

to the

Third person singular;

and in defiance to all the rules of criticism,
expel the imperial pronoun.

W E,

in order to introduce the plebeian pronoun

I,

Although the heinous sin of *Egotism* be
imputed to us on that account.

CHAPTER II.

Daily experience but too plainly shows,

That man can act against the truth he knows.

IT is now several years since I became
acquainted with a lady whose name is
Necessity, she seemed to be very much cap-
tivated with my parts, and accordingly at-
tached herself entirely to me; her fondness
soon rendered her company irksome, and a

a twelvemonth's enjoyment made me absolutely loath her embraces. She caressed me with so much affection during the day, that her image at night continually presented itself to my imagination, though under the power of *Morpheus*; nay, she at last became so confident that she alone should enjoy me during my residence on this sublunary sphere; that she would often enter the dominions of his somniferous godship; and break my most delusively enchanting slumbers; at length she compelled me to quit the realms of his lethargic majesty, and avowed her intentions to make me constant to her embraces, and submissive to her authority. If at any time I complained, she upbraided me with ingratitude; but though she often upbraided, yet I must own she never threatened to leave me; if by chance I ever met with any of my old friends, the *ministers of the court of Comus*, or the servants of the *goddeſs Ceres*, she was sure to be with me in a twinkling, and whisper in my ear, an order to make a speedy retreat: the hint I was obliged to comply with
 instan-

instantaneously, though reluctantly ; lest she should expose me to my friends through malice. For you must understand that lady *Necessity* is a very malicious personage. She at last so far succeeded in her schemes, as to blind my reason, and overturn my principles ; that at her desire I implicitly defamed the worthy, and exalted the villainous, white washed the knave, and bedawbed the honest :

Gave virtue scandal, innocence a fear
And from the soft ey'd virgin drew the tear.

While she with pleasure saw me involved by her own means in crimes which my soul detested.

I shudder at the recollection of one crime, to commit which I had given her my tacit consent. I shall relate the particulars in order to deter the young and unthinking from being any ways connected with her by means of their own indiscretions.

She had taken a particular dislike to a certain East India director, whose name was

Trebleplum; because he was determined, if possible, not to have any thing to say to her. But Mr. *Trebleplum*, by reason of the multiplicity of his affairs at home, and several voyages to *India*, never once had the misfortune to fall into her company: this enraged her beyond all patience. I had seen him several times; she by degrees brought me to envy his situation, and afterwards by using several fallacious arguments which at that time I was not cool enough to refute, prompted me to attempt robbing him on the way to his country house, whither he repaired weekly, during the summer season.

When I had determined to put in execution my dishonest design, through the diabolical instigation of my cursed companion lady *Necessity*, I hastened to prepare the apparatus suitable to such an occasion. Having provided pistols, a disguise, &c. I was just upon the point of issuing forth, when a gentle tap at the door, which obliged me to hide them for a moment till I had seen who wanted me,

I opened

I opened the door.

Madam *Discretion* presented herself to my view, which greatly surprized me, as she is a lady of such invincible modesty, that she seldom chuses to intrude herself into any company to which she is not invited. Besides I had scarcely ever seen her in my life-time; she held another lady by the arm that I had once seen at a distance, though I could not immediately recollect her, but on observing her with attention, I remembered to have heard somebody call her by the name of *Prudence*. They are sisters, and both widows; and widows, I imagine, they will remain; for the present race of males seem to neglect their charms for the perniciously coquettish airs of such flirting hussies, as *Mis-chance*, *Mis-lead*, *Mis-fortune*, *Mis-conduct*, *Mis-take*, *Mis-guide*, *Mis-bap*, and *Mis-folly*, who too frequently bring their suitors acquainted with the authoress of my destruction, *lady Necessity*.

When I first opened the door to these grave ladies, I perceived at some distance behind them in the entry, a pale, tall,

meagre looking female; I imagined she must certainly be their attendant, but upon enquiry found they knew nothing about her, I therefore demanded her name and business, she told me her name was *Grace Fear*, but perceiving me assume a sternness of countenance, she fled down stairs with precipitation, without unfolding her business, and I returned into my chamber.

I entreated the ladies to be seated, when the *widow Discretion* began to let me understand the purport of her visit.

Mr. *Giddy*, says she, I have made bold to pay you this visit in order to prevent you from launching into immediate destruction; I am acquainted with your present dangerous purpose, but 'ere you put your design in execution, reflect on the consequences. I allow that *every bean hath its black*, you have been guilty of *follies* sufficient to ensure your ruin in this world, then abstain from the commission of a *crime* which may endanger your eternal happiness in the next: rather enjoy the sweet satisfaction of repenting an intended crime, than by an obstinate

stinate perseverance, bring yourself under the disagreeable necessity of mourning an atrocious fact.

But, dear madam, my situation, my circumstances.

As for your situation interrupted *Prudence*, it is not so critically miserable as you may imagine, while your soul is free from a load of guilt; and with regard to your circumstances, *dame Fortune* may in a short time, take it into her head to pay you a visit, and make you amends for the miseries brought on you by her pert little bastard daughter, *Mis-fortune*, and that vile wretch, lady *Necessity*.

Aye but my good friend, he that waits for a visit from *Fortune* is never sure of a dinner.

But consider, replied *Discretion*, every man is the architect of his own fortune though he must not build it upon the sandy foundation of vice. We must be contented with our lot as it falls out, but never seek that by foul means, which ought only to be acquired by fair, *Patience* is a plaister for all sores.

But

But *Patience* my dear madam is a plaister not always to be obtained, and I fancy very few physicians give it away to those who have no money.

But friend, returned Discretion, *Patience* overcomes all things, and may be obtained even without money, by those who persevere to seek it in the paths of *Honour*, or in *Honesty lane*, which though at present choaked up with brambles and briars, owing to its being so little trodden, yet it may be penetrated in time, far enough to gather those simples of which this excellent *plaister of Patience* is composed.

These cogent arguments had almost brought me to relinquish my purpose, when lady *Necessity*, and that ill-favoured hag *Despair*, who had overheard the whole conversation, burst the door open, upbraided me with the epithets, *Coward*, *Poltroon*, *Dastard*, &c. then laying violent hands on poor madam *Discretion*, and her sister *Prudence*, after cuffing them unmercifully, tumbled them both headlong down stairs. And my tormentor *Necessity*, with fury in her looks, vociferated

vociferated go, go thou chicken-hearted fool, and perform thy promise, remember, faint heart never won a fair lady; nothing venture, nothing have; who knows what luck you may have; an ounce of luck is better than a pound of wisdom; go, go, and as you love latin, reflect that,

Durum Telum Necessitas.

CHAPTER III.

*Conscience though stern should still repress,
The machinations of distress.*

LADY *Necessity's* looks and admonitions effectually answered her purpose. I now determined to perpetrate my former intention and set out accordingly. As Mr. *Trebleplum's* way lay over *Hounslow Heath*, I repaired thither in order to assail him at that dangerous place; but turning my head towards the left, I perceived a great number of gibbets, on which several delinquents hung;

hung pendant in the air. A palsied old man, named *Terror*, seemed to stalk beneath the waving chains; I sickened at the sight and turned my head the other way, to avoid its repetition, when to my surprize at my right elbow stood, goodman *Conscience*, an old man, very little known in this metropolis; he had formerly been of my intimate acquaintance, but ever since my connections with lady *Necessity*, we had but very seldom seen each other: he intimated something concerning particular business, which he would willingly communicate to me, if I would oblige him with my company to a neighbouring inn; I acquiesced. When we arrived at the place mentioned, he called for a pint of wine; for *Conscience* is a frugal man, and would not venture to launch so far as a bottle. Being seated, he assumed a look of greater sternness than he had worn at the time of his first accosting me, and thus addressd himself to my attention.

My old friend Giddy, I am sorry to find it is so much in the power of that vile prostitute *Necessity*, to drive you to such lengths; but

but I presaged this three years ago, when I by chance sat at some distance from you in the pit of *Covent garden Theatre*. You had then just escaped from the power of lady *Necessity*, into which I am sincerely sorry to see you again deluded. The *Beggar's Opera* was represented that night, I shall never forget the occurrence, with what pleasure you seemed to eye the villainous hero of the tale; what delight did the applauses of the audience give you; with what gust did you adopt his sentiments, and justify his conduct to yourself: from that moment you received the seeds of pollution, which lady *Necessity* has taken pains to mature, 'till they are almost ripe for your destruction. On being the sad witness of your exultation, I privately shuddered at your impending danger, but your impetuosity of temper prevented my admonishing you at that time, as I well knew your vanity and self sufficiency, on account of having received a transient smile from Miss *Prosperity*. However, I secretly arraigned the conduct of the managers, and past some unfavourable

favourable strictures on the poet; for I don't imagine that the morality contained in Mr. *Gay's fables* will ever eradicate the seeds of vice, sown by his *Beggar's Opera*. A particular friend of yours has given my sentiments upon this subject, which I shall repeat to strengthen my admonitions.

An easy elegance in *Gay* * we trace,
 But not one sentiment replete with grace;
 His op'ra certainly is very smart;
 But not one sentence there can touch the heart;
 Beside, to immorality it tends,
 And vice with colours much too pleasing blends;
 You'll plead perhaps the pencil and the pen
 Reign unconfir'd, o'er manners, and o'er men.
 In poetry, and painting, 'tis allow'd,
 The characters in nature's garb to shroud;
 To teach the tints, with real life to glow,
 And make the shadow like the substance show;
 But is there need for those, who paint or write,
 To bring forms hideous, or obscene to sight?
 To bring forth vice, too elegantly drest,
 Tempts us to copy what we should detest;
 Many on seeing gay *Macbeath* have glow'd,
 To rise the foremost champions of the road,

* Alluding to his dramatic works only

Panted for lawrels of heroic shame,
 Wounded their honour, and destroyed their fame;
 Then Oh ! let's wish this captivating pest,
 In prudence by the managers suppress

The sparks of honour seem not to be dead within you, cherish them carefully, and returning virtue will again kindle them to a flame; consider, that goods ill gotten never prosper; you will not in the end be a penny richer for the spoil of which you may plunder Mr. *Trebleplum*. Lightly come, lightly go, but your soul will be much poorer, it will be stripped of its garment of integrity, return therefore to virtue and home, return and suffer not your imagination to be any longer deluded by the fallacious and delusive arguments of *Necessity*. Convinced of the propriety of goodman *Conscience's* arguments, I once more relinquished my design, and made the best of my way home, suffering Mr. *Trebleplum* to pursue his journey to his country house unmolested.

CHAPTER IV.

*When urg'd by hope, we fortune court,
She disappoints us for her sport.*

HAVING been greatly fatigued during the whole day, by the agitation of my mind, I passed the night in a profound sleep, from which I was not once disturbed by the impertinent intrusion of my detested inamorata, lady *Necessity*. Before I waked, madam *Aurora* had employed several hours at her toilet in the East, taken her favourite morning walk, and saluted my eyes, as soon as I opened their dark compelling lids, with the full blaze of her charms. In short it was eight o'clock, when I arose, and determined to refresh myself, and digest my thoughts by the help of a walk in the park; I had not perambulated long before I was encountered by Miss *Hope*, to whom I related my unhappy situation; now it ought to be understood that Miss *Hope* was an intimate acquaintance, and had often assisted

me

me to drive away the thoughts of lady *Necessity*, on which account I particularly valued her, though I must own the little baggage had frequently deceived me, yet her conversation was so enchanting, and her arguments so persuasive, that I could not resist an unaccountable inclination to lay open the secrets of my soul before her in the most confidential manner. Upon this occasion, she wondered at my stupidity in not recollecting that the modern *Mæcenas* of literature resided in H—— street, Berkley-square.

The conviction of my inattention immediately flashed in my face, and I glowed my thanks to Miss *Hope*, for the glorious hint; then taking my leave with a heart full of joy, and a head full of verse. I reached home in an extacy, and sat down to write to the *Lay-Loving Lord L——n*, under the influence of a delirium of anticipating raptures.

In a short time, I produced the following supplicating rhapsody.

To the Right Honourable Lord L——n.

The glare of pride which gilds the poet's song,
 The pomp of titles which bestrides the throng,
 The herald's vellum chronicle of fame,
 Of blazon'd virtues, and of fine drawn shame,
 That gives to blockheads, merits not their own,
 Or bids the son the father's crimes bemoan ;
 Appear to you, in spite of worldly rules,
 The chains of custom, and the farce of fools ;
 Devoid of fame, of title, and estate,
 Your innate goodness would have made you great ;
 Blest with estate, with title, and with fame,
 Your daily actions loudly tell the same.
 When to mankind soft numbers you impart,
 We feel each sentence, and behold your heart ;
 Melodious tenderness adorns your lays,
 Dissolves the soul, and melts us into praise.
 Then may a youth, unblest with attic fire,
 Address the man whom all the nine inspire.
 May he (whose mental warmth by fortune froze,
 Has long reduc'd his poetry to prose ;)
 Detach a while that nobly ductile mind,
 From worthy labours to improve mankind ;
 Yes, for a L——n, will lend an ear,
 When Candor's open sentiments appear ;
 When he who speaks in unimbellish'd lays,
 Gives not to wealth, or birth, or titles praise ;

But

But would with thoughts, in nature's garments dress,
 Awake the tender feelings of the breast;
 Those tender feelings, which spontaneous flow;
 And kindly sympathize with foreign woe.
 I cannot boast the whistling of a name,
 Nor can one ancestor afford me fame;
 Born to no fortune, to no calling bred,
 My only hope, an unprovided head;
 No patron to assist, without a friend
 To help me forward, or to recommend.
 My hopes all dash'd with unconnected fears,
 Present a prospect of continued cares.
 Oh! was some noble friend by fate design'd,
 To hand me to the presence of mankind;
 To end ambition's and oblivion's strife,
 And place me in the copious eye of life.
 Then wou'd my cares subside, my sorrows cease,
 And the soft feelings be the pledge of peace;
 The sun of bliss, o'er shades of woe prevail,
 And gratitude succeed if genius fail.

I am, my Lord,

your Lordship's

most obedient humble servant

GREGORY GIDDY.

When I had finished this epistle, I care-
 fully sealed it, and with an elated heart,
 trip'd

trip'd away upon feathers to — street, and with a trepidating, not a double rap, saluted his lordship's door; upon its being opened, with my hat under my arm, I civilly desired the porter to inform me if his lordship was within, and at leisure.

The porter, without seeming to regard my question, or deigning to honor it with an answer, surveyed me with a look of ineffable contempt. Then taking a pinch of snuff with great deliberation, accompanied with an indignant look the three following words.

Who are you?

Had a bailiff the moment before saluted my shoulder with the omen of confinement. It would not have disconcerted me half so much as this unexpected and laconic interrogatory,

Who are you?

Simple as the question may appear, it cannot be so easily answered as some may imagine; but not to enter upon a digression, or baulk the curiosity which may have been excited by the awkwardness of my situation
in

in the presence of his *lordship's Cerberus*, I shall gratify the reader by informing him of the result of this critical conference, but at the same time beg him to remind me in proper season to investigate their most laconically difficult interrogatory.

Who are you?

Who are you? says the porter.

To which I replied,

I am Sir, a person who has seen better days. At present, I am in some distress, and having heard of his lordship's——

Oh! oh! I understand you, you have ruined yourself by extravagance, and now come begging to his lordship to enable you to continue a scoundrel a little longer; but I have orders to inform all vagabonds that his lordship will have nothing to do with them.

The door being slapt in my face at the conclusion of this inhuman inferential sentence, prevented my rejoining; and surprize for some time fixt me upon the step. But recovering myself, indignation drew me from the place, and directed my steps, unknown to myself, as far as Hyde-park-corner,

corner, where my reverie was disturbed by *Frank Flimsy*, who invited me to take a chearful glass with him at the *Hercules's Pillars*. As soon as we entered, we were accosted by *Frederic Florid*, and *Benjamin Bombast*, esqs; two gentlemen of whom I had some knowledge; and all immediately uniting in one company, bottles and glasses were ordered, and we resolved to devote an hour or two to convivial fellowship.

Simile Simili Gaudet.

CHAPTER V.

*'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing, or in judging ill.*

I Informed the company of my circumstances and morning's adventure without reservation, which piece of intelligence was productive of the following conversation.

Flimsy.

Ha! ha! ha! why sure my friend *Giddy*,
you

you did not imagine that a nobleman's porter would carry a letter to his master without being paid for it.

Author.

Indeed, I was so simple as to imagine so, for I always thought that his master employed and paid him for that purpose.

Flimsy.

I fancied the very same thing formerly myself, but experience taught me to the contrary. In all applications of this nature, you should be sure to touch the palm of the porter first, if you would have your letter introduced, and afterwards the palm of his lordship's gentleman, if you would have it succeed. Why, I remember an instance, wherein this very Cerberus whom you mention, after being gratified with the proper sop, insisted upon knowing the contents of the letter before he would deliver it, alledging his lordship's positive orders, that he should obtain such previous information.

Author.

Author.

Then you would advice me to bribe the porter in order to see my lord——

Florid.

I would advise you to quit all future thoughts of *Peer Hunting*, for these harmonious noblemen, when they first launch into the world, are liberal from ostentation, and benevolent from pride. But as soon as poets of the time have be-rhimed them into demi-gods of generosity, and firmly established their characters as the *Mecenæs's* of the age, they sink into their natural parsimony, and enjoy the continual applause of human liberality, without any farther tax upon their hypocrisy.

Bombast.

Your ratiocination is just, and entirely coincides with what Mr. Pope has opened with respect to lord Hallifax upon a similar occasion.

———“Grown more frugal in his riper days,
Some bards he paid in port, and some in praise.”

Author.

Author.

I am obliged to you gentlemen, for the candor with which you have delivered your opinions, and shall, agreeable to your advice, no longer expect relief from a coronet ; but still I am at a loss in what manner to extricate myself from the difficulties which surround me.

Flimsy.

Why you are a young fellow of some genius, cannot you turn novel spinner ?

Author.

Novel spinner !

Flimsy.

Aye, novel spinner ; why what doth the man stare at ? there is pretty picking to be got by disfiguring the passions and burlesquing human nature.

Author.

You jest sure !

C

Flimsy.

Flimsy.

Upon honour I am in earnest; why I have written within these last two years, seventeen different novels of two volumes each.

Author.

Seventeen of two volumes each ! you must have been amazingly expeditious, for I always imagined, that writing a novel was a work of time.

Flimsy.

A work of time, no, no, if a novel was a work of time, it would be impossible for an author to live ; for the booksellers pay mechanically, at the rate of so much per sheet.

Author.

Without regarding intrinsic merit?

Flimsy.

Intrinsic merit, there is hardly a bookseller in London, knows the name of merit,
talk

talk about merit to a bookseller, he will think you distracted.

Florid.

Mr. Flimsy tells you nothing but the truth, so if you think of writing a novel, don't trouble yourself about its being good or bad, only polish the diction a little, a flowing stile is half the battle. There's *Dick Funnyface* goes as genteel as any man in town, and he is nothing better than *Journeyman sentiment maker* to L— in Fleet-street, and *Bob Sigbwell* has assumed the title of esquire since he has been employed by the N——s as a *Fabricator of artificial passions*, and *Period-turner*; and I myself have, *intrigued, fought duels, and committed several murders.*

Authors.

Murders?

Florid.

Yes, upon paper for a bookseller at York.

C 2

Author.

Author.

Well, till you informed me better, I always thought that a novel should be replete with character, incident, observation, sentiment, humour, and above all, nature.

Fliny.

Ha! ha! ha! character, incident, observation sentiment, humour, and nature. And suppose you was to take the trouble, and employ a sufficient quantity of time to form a novel upon such a plan, who the deuce would you get to recompense your pains by a liberal purchase? Positively not a bookseller in London. No, no, get pen, ink, and paper, sit down, and write on as fast as you can. Nine sheets make a volume, and eighteen sheets two volumes. It's very easily calculated; never trouble yourself about meaning, it can't be too bad to be admired, when you have finished it. If it happens to be nonsense, you may be sure it will meet with a kind reception from the two *Noble Brothers*; but if it has not the merit of nonsense, but should happen to be stupidity

stupidity itself, L—— is your man, he'll gulph it down with rapture, and fancy it the purest milk of erudition, for we have instances of his having mistaken the muddy waters of Fleet Ditch for the streams of Helicon.

After returning suitable thanks for so much good advice, I promised to set about a novel immediately, and made an appointment for a future meeting, in order to submit my virgin production to their censure.

CHAPTER VI.

*Description brightens up a beam,
But not in fashion's wild extreme.*

MEssieurs *Flimsy*, *Florid*, and *Bombast*, met me according to appointment, and after the usual compliments, being seated, I produced my first attempt, in order to submit it to their censure.

They desired me to read it, which I did as follows.

THE
RECONCILIATION,

OR

The Deceiver Disappointed.

“**L**AST season, when all the world
“ was at Margate.”

Florid.

You should say the *Beau Monde*. The
expression has greater elegance, and will give
your tale an air of politeness.

“ Last season when the *Beau Monde* was
“ at Margate, a gentleman, named *Horatio*,
“ was particularly distinguished for his po-
“ lite and literary accomplishments; in him
“ were united the solidity of the philoso-
“ pher and the *Bon-ton* of the man of plea-
“ sure. In fine, he was learned without
“ pedantry, elegant without ostentation,
“ polite,

“ polite without insincerity, and benevolent
“ without affectation; he had wit without
“ rancour, good-nature without folly, assiduity
“ without avarice, and generosity
“ without prodigality.”

Florid.

A pretty character, tolerably drawn, indeed there is one objection to it, you should have turned your periods upon an equal number of syllables.

Author.

Why that would have been blank verse.

Florid.

Blank verse? why let me tell you Sir, that at present our very best prose is written in blank verse, and it is universally allowed, that the blank verse of our modern writers is nothing else but prose.

Bombast.

The character is passable for a beginner, but a veteran writer always draws his characters alliteratively. Thus your Horatio's

character might have been delivered in this manner. He had all the philosophy of the college without the pedantry, all the salt of a coxcomb without the simplicity, all the fire of a fop without the futility, and so on, placing always before the eye of your imagination, some celebrated example, such as the following line of the Scotch writer *Ogilvie*.

“ And joys *bright beam burst, boundless*
o’er the mind.”

Or———

Lawes, Villa’s, vines, and visionary vales
immediate fled.

Or *Settle’s* description of a fleet of ships,
viz.

Whose *broad built bulks* the *boisterous*
billows bear.

But these things will be natural to you in time. However, proceed if you please.

“ *Nature* had done so much for the exterior and mental parts of *Horatio*, and
“ both had received such embellishments
“ from

“ from education, that fortune thought he
 “ had met with friendship sufficient, and
 “ deemed him a proper object to treat
 “ with neglect, for this lady, time imme-
 “ morial, hath thought proper to be an ene-
 “ my to merit wheresoever she could find it,
 “ and heaps her favours indiscriminately
 “ upon blockheads and knaves.

“ *Horatio's* circumscribed finances, com-
 “ pelled him to a frugality which was fo-
 “ reign to the generosity of his nature, but
 “ his Philosophy rendered him contented
 “ under a deprivation of the ability to give
 “ a full scope to the benevolence of his dis-
 “ position.

“ At the same time *Margate* was favour'd
 “ with the presence of a Mr. *Addlehead*,
 “ and his daughter Harriot.

“ Mr. *Addlehead* was a gentleman of a
 “ small independent fortune, who spent the
 “ whole winter in London, merely to settle
 “ the affairs of Europe, and abuse the mi-
 “ nistry. And the summer he wasted at
 “ *Margate*, in rectifying the faults of his

“ constitution, and documenting his daughter.

“ As for Miss *Harriot* herself, to describe
 “ her according to the cant of modern description, would be doing her great injustice: to say that her bosom was white
 “ as the *driven snow*, to compare her taper
 “ arms, embellish’d with meandering veins
 “ of blue, to the finest *alabaster*, to make
 “ the *rose*, and *lilly* strive for the mastery
 “ in her *cheeks*, to liken her *teeth* to ivory,
 “ her *lips* to *ruby*, and her *eyes* to *diamonds*
 “ would be rendering her a monster. But
 “ to say the purity of her soul gave an open
 “ bloom to her countenance, or the vivacity
 “ of her mind, sparkled in her lovely eyes,
 “ to insist that the most skilful statuary
 “ might deduce his rules for the proportion
 “ of the human fabrick from the symmetry
 “ of her shape, or finally to aver that she
 “ was one of the most beautiful of the progeny
 “ of our first parents, would do no
 “ credit to the invention of the writer,
 “ since such a description would be found
 “ but a meer narrative of real fact. But
 “ exterior beauty only for a small time sur-

“ prizes,

“ prizes, like the sudden blaze of a comet,
“ while mental charms, like the perma-
“ nent beams of the sun, win us to con-
“ stancy in adoration, for

“ What is the tincture of the finest skin,
“ To peace of mind, and harmony within?
“ What is the sparkling of the brightest eye;
“ To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
“ Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
“ with comeliness of words, and deeds compare?
“ Tho' charms like those, th'unwary heart may gain,
“ 'Tis these, these only can that heart retain.”

Flimsy.

Mr. Giddy, I am afraid you'll never succeed. You are running into down right reason, when the only hope you have to gain encouragement is by being absurd.

Florid.

There is no wisdom so good, as that which is bought. Experience will soon teach Mr, Giddy, that we have told him nothing but truth; and that *nonsense* alone will please the present age.

Author.

Author.

Gentlemen with all due deference, I must beg leave to remind you that several authors, who are allowed by the best judges to be replete with merit have lately succeeded. Such as *Richardson*, *Fielding*, *Smollet*, *Stern*, &c.

Florid.

Yes, yes, they have succeeded, that can't be denied, and have very considerable merit. 'Tis acknowledged that *Smollet* and *Stern* are improper for the perusal of youth, and the sprightly *Fielding* and tender *Richardson* are more pernicious than is commonly imagined. *Stern's* humour becomes dangerous, by the beautiful garb in which he has drest obscenity, - and *Richardson* has drawn a villain with such irresistible charms, that the juvenile mind is corrupted, even at the moment it detests his machinations, while the heroes of *Smollet* and *Fielding* are such compleat, and incorrigible scoundrels, that all the beauty of the drapery cannot save the wearers from contempt.

Bombast

Bombast.

My opinion of what novels *should be*, and what novels *are*, is in short this. A novel should be an exact representation of simple nature as she appears while the sun is in its meridian glory, but a modern novel is an ill-drawn picture of distorted nature, delineated while the sun is in eclipse. But

“ Non potes nudo vestimenta detrabere.”

For the persons who generally employ themselves in Novel writing, are as properly qualified for that purpose, as the deaf man was to teach music.

Florid.

To sum up the merits of our novel writers in a short compass, we may say that *Richardson* is sentimental without plot, *Fielding* has a redundancy of plot, with very little sentiment; *Smollet* shifts his scene too often, and touches the heart too seldom. *Stern* is as warm and bright as the sun, but as inconsistent in his excellencies as the moon. Most of the modern novels, intended as pieces of humour,

humour, are unnatural, and those designed as sentimental are insipid. And indeed, most of the delicate romancers have only

“ Push’d laughing humour from her easy chair,
 “ And fix’d a sentimental figure there.”

Or rather an unnatural statue of marble.

CHAPTER VII.

*The tender passion like the loadstone acts,
 Directs unseen, and unperceiv’d attracts.*

“ **H**ARRIOT, and Horatio had frequently seen each other in public,
 “ and their eyes very often tilted in so strenuous a manner, that their faces were in
 “ a moment be-flushed, and the combat
 “ concluded by an averted survey of the
 “ ground. These emotions were sympathetic; yet their cause was unknown to
 “ both parties, and when at last they perceived the influence of each others presence,
 “ sence,

" sence, they very sagaciously applauded
 " their own taste, in paying the tribute of
 " an instantaneously implicit admiration,
 " to what was universally allowed to deserve
 " to be venerated ; thus they imagined their
 " reason alone was concerned, and their
 " hearts out of the question.

" *Lorenzo*, the bosom friend of *Horatio*,
 " happened to be an intimate acquaintance
 " of Mr. *Addlehead's* ; when, one day pas-
 " sing by his lodgings in company with *Ho-*
 " *ratio*, he determined to introduce his
 " young friend to the acquaintance of his
 " old one, who he assured was a hearty ori-
 " ginal. *Horatio* and *Harriot* were equally
 " pleased and surprized at this interview ;
 " for *Horatio* was then ignorant, that
 " *Harriot* was the daughter of his friend's
 " acquaintance. Nor did *Harriot* know
 " that *Horatio* was an intimate of *Lo-*
 " *renzo's*.

" The old gentleman and *Horatio* entered
 " into conversation, and it was presently
 " discovered, that the families had formerly
 " lived in the same neighbourhood, and been
 " intimate

“ intimate for many years.” And so my lad
 “ of mettle you are my old neighbour’s son?
 “ Why you rogue, your father was god-
 “ father to my girl Harriot, there zounds!
 “ go and give her a buss. Whether the old
 “ gentleman had any intention to form a
 “ connection between the young people, we
 “ cannot pretend to say; but of this we are
 “ certain, that he was not long in obeying
 “ the pleasing command, for having the
 “ sanction of a father’s permission, he ap-
 “ plied his lips so closely, and so long,
 “ that they seemed to be stuck together by
 “ the glue of sympathy, and it was with
 “ difficulty he could find in his heart to se-
 “ parate them. *Harriot* was scarlet up to the
 “ ears, *Horatio* looked foolish, the old
 “ gentleman laughed immoderately at their
 “ confusion, *Lorenzo* beheld the scene
 “ with apathy, and composure, and Harriot
 “ left the room.

“ The conversation was immediately
 “ changed, and the old gentleman began
 “ to figure away on his favourite political
 “ topics; he presently carried his compa-
 “ nions

“ nions through each department of the
 “ state, explained the different courts, offi-
 “ ces, and posts, proved what officers were
 “ necessary, and what unnecessary, and
 “ settled their respective salaries with great
 “ precision; he unfolded the secrets of ad-
 “ ministration, proved when the ministry
 “ was wrong, when right, and when neither
 “ right nor wrong, turned out those he dis-
 “ liked, and put himself at the head of af-
 “ fairs. Then our armies over-run the
 “ globe, and our fleet spread victorious sails
 “ in every clime. The national debt was
 “ paid, trade began to flourish, and peace
 “ and tranquillity were restored to suppli-
 “ cating nations.

“ As *Horatio* was sensible that he could
 “ only have access to *Harriot*, by keeping
 “ upon good terms with her father, he had
 “ often done violence to his judgment, dur-
 “ in the course of the conversation, in as-
 “ senting to some of the old gentleman's
 “ political absurdities.

“ *Horatio* quarreled with his bed very
 “ early next morning, and took a saunter to
 the

" the pier, where with a face apparently
 " the index of a head full of business,
 " but in reality without meaning, he gave
 " his legs such effectual employment for up-
 " wards of two hours, that his friend *Lo-*
 " renzo found him in a fine breathing sweat,
 " as he was accidentally passing by.

" A conversation immediately ensued, al-
 " though *Horatio* did not appear to be in a
 " very conversible temper. His friend soon
 " perceived his condition by his hesitation
 " and reserve, and rallied him into an ill
 " humour by telling him what he hardly
 " could bring himself to believe was truth.

" Love steals upon us to ourselves unknown,

" And makes us slaves before his power we own.

" Come, says *Lorenzo*, bid melancholy de-
 " fiance, for if I am not much mistaken,
 " and I'll assure you I am a connoisseur in
 " glances, the same bee that has stung
 " you so effectually, has been buzzing
 " about my old friend's daughter to some
 " purpose.

" Ah

“ Ah *Lorenzo*! you flatter me, such di-
 “ vine excellence can never think of one so
 “ unworthy such exalted merit.

“ Upon my word, *Horatio*, a lover's
 “ head is a good accountable thing; *Har-*
 “ *riot* at present believes herself to be no
 “ more than a woman, and is inclinable to
 “ think well of you; but I'll wager twenty
 “ to ten, that in less than a fortnight, you,
 “ with a wonderous deal of trouble, and
 “ the expence of many fine phrases, will
 “ persuade her that she's a goddess, and
 “ you yourself a poor weak frail mortal.

“ Then, as soon as you have exalted her
 “ into a divinity, you'll blame her for being
 “ in her celestial altitudes.

“ Pray *Lorenzo* leave jesting, and tell me
 “ if you think it probable that I should win
 “ her affections.

“ Win her affections, yes, or the affec-
 “ tions of any woman existing; for shame,
 “ for shame, you ought to blush at your own
 “ doubts; what a smart well made lord of
 “ the creation of only two and twenty years
 “ of age, despair of conquering a tender
 “ hearted

“ hearted daughter of the apple eating eve,
“ of only eighteen ; no, no, never fear, but
“ take my word for it, *all women may be*
“ *won.*

“ Yes, so I believe by the right person.
“ By the right person ? why every man is
“ the right person, their fondness of variety
“ keeps their fancies in continual rotation,
“ that if you happen not to be the right
“ person upon your first address, persevere ;
“ perseverance is the lover’s best friend,
“ and you certainly in your turn will
“ touch the fickle seat of transitory tender-
“ nefs.

“ I allow the justness, *Lorenzo*, of many
“ of your remarks on the fair sex ; but I
“ am afraid you are too general in your
“ censures ; there is no rule without an
“ exception.

“ Nature may vary in her modes *Ho-*
“ *ratio*, but cannot change her principles ;
“ an exception to a natural rule, must of
“ consequence be an unnatural deviation.
“ Come, I have a very great interest with
“ the old gentleman, I’ll break the matter

“ to

" to him, and I have no doubt but I shall
" succeed in gaining his permission for you
" to address his daughter. Farewell, depend
" upon my assiduity, and friendship; the
" garison I believe is our own, we have no-
" thing to do but to secure the gover-
" nor.

" *Lorenzo* left his friend in spirits, which
" differed from those in which he found him
" as much as the glorious meridian of noon
" differs from the clouded meridian of
" night, for

" All subsists by elemental strife,

" And passions are the elements of life.

" And so reader, for a small space of
" time, I kiss your hands."

CHAP.

CHAPTER VIII.

Our tale will prove our author's maxim true,
That senseless gold will sentiment subdue.

“ THE same morning, *Horatio* and
“ *Harriot* met in the rooms, and
“ after several trepidating congees, which
“ accompanied the first compliments, fell
“ into a profound silence, while the tongues
“ of all around them were employed in
“ in descanting on toys, intrigues, fashions,
“ the follies of their absent friends, and the
“ reputations of their neighbours.

“ At length, passion over-powered timi-
“ dity, their tender thoughts found utter-
“ ance, and all *their talk was love*.

“ Their meetings became more frequent,
“ and they soon came to a perfect good un-
“ derstanding, and vowed mutual love, and
“ constancy to each other. Nothing was
“ now wanting to render them as happy as
“ the most romantic imagination ever con-
“ ceived it possible, that mortals could be,
“ but the bands of Hymen,

“ It

“ It was not long before the father’s con-
 “ sent was obtained, and a day was fixed
 “ upon to compleat the happy union. All
 “ the necessary preparations were making
 “ with the utmost expedition to give satis-
 “ faction to all who should partake of the
 “ hymeneal feast. The wedding suit was
 “ finished, when a piece of what the world
 “ will call good fortune overturned the hap-
 “ piness of all the persons concerned in
 “ these convivial proceedings. A sister of
 “ Mr. *Addlehead’s*, with whom he had been
 “ at variance for several years, died in the
 “ temper of forgiveness, leaving a consider-
 “ able land estate to her brother, and a for-
 “ tune of fifteen thousand pounds to *Har-*
 “ *riot*.

“ The lovely, and generous *Harriot*, im-
 “ mediately communicated her good fortune
 “ to *Horatio*; not with the spirit of ostenta-
 “ tious exultation, but with a diffident air of
 “ modest joy, as thinking she was thereby
 “ become more worthy of his acceptance.”

Florid.

Florid.

By your leave Mr. Giddy, do you think it consistent with propriety to make so sensible, and delicate a creature, as you have represented *Harriot* to be, entertain so mean, so mercenary a thought, as to suppose her intrinsic value could be increased by the casual addition of what had been left her.

Author.

You construe my meaning too literally, the same sentiment becomes natural, or unnatural according to the lips by which it is uttered. Had *Horatio* thought in the same manner in which I have represented *Harriot* thinking, the sentiment would have rendered him mean, sordid, and mercenary, a contrast to what I have supposed him to be. But in *Harriot*, it only shews a decent humility, she was too insensible of her own perfections to be capable of vanity; nor had she the pride to suppose herself worthy of a gentleman so accomplished as she deemed *Horatio*. Then since arbitrary custom, and
the

the fashions of the world have stamp'd, an artificial value on things of no real intrinsic worth. As Harriot had been brought up in the world, it was natural for her to think with the world that so capital an addition to her fortune, might bring to the man she lov'd, some conveniencies of life, which he otherwise might never taste; to object to such kind of sentiments would be refining too much.

Flimsy.

I think you extremely right Mr. Giddy; but I am afraid your obstinate adherence, to the rules of reason and propriety, so contrary to the modern mode of novel writing, and the taste of the present age, will prevent your success.

Author.

If my success with the generality of readers is dependent on my joining with those whose labours tend only to vitiate the taste, and corrupt the morals of mankind. may I be read only by

The race distinguish'd and the chosen few.

" Be what I write, or well or ill,

" The intention shall absolve me still ;

" No impious thoughts, no jest obscene,

" No venal praise, my page shall stain ;

" And this at least shall be my praise,

" He strives to please by blameless ways."

Bombast.

In the primative ages, a monster was shocking to beholders, and always avoided with detestation. At length the thoughts of deformity became familiar, and curiosity as master of the ceremonies introduced it to the notice of mankind. So it happened with those domestic romances which are vulgarly denominated novels ; they at first were natural, because in general simple narratives of matter of facts, authors then became affectedly figurative, and absurdly allegoric ; but the taste of the age changed, and they were compelled to launch into the ocean of improbability. At present, nothing is studied but refinement, by which our modern authors have so disfigured the passions, and changed the human system, that was an infernal

fernal to turn novel reader, he might make himself exceedingly joyous, to behold a picture of mortal defection, which in all probability would so greatly facilitate his hellish views.

Florid.

Indeed, some writers who are possess'd of more conceit than capacity, have attempted a reformation; but attempted it in the same manner, that the vain sceptic fancied he could reform the system of creation. Upon which subject, from a hint which I accidentally met with in a french author, I some time ago wrote a fable, which I shall repeat, to elucidate the point in question.



THE
PUMPKIN *and* ACORN,
A FABLE.

TIS strange, that man will always quit,
 the very thing for which he's fit;
 And think all talents under heaven,
 To individual self are given.
 Hence, 'tis the *pulpit* robs the *plough*,
 And farmer's learn to dance and bow.
 His grace is in Change-alley great,
 While *Barber's* regulate the state.
 And some are so extremely wise,
 They'd rule the ruler of the skies;
 Tho' mortals seize the immortal rod,
 And criticize the works of God.
 A certain self sufficient spark,
 Parading o'er a rural park,
 View'd nature's charms with scornful eye,
 And could in each defects espy.
 Puff'd with importance, had, said he,
 The universe been made by me,

Without

Without a fault this world had rose,
 No crimes, no murders, frauds, or woes.
 All would have been exactly right,
 The sun had given continual light;
 Eternal spring, the fields adorn'd,
 And elements had discord scorn'd.
 But now all things, confus'd are found,
 That noble pumpkin on the ground;
 Mean acorns on that lofty tree;
 These blunders had been chang'd by me.
 Pumpkins to oaks, had ow'd their birth;
 And acorns sprung from humble earth.
 He said, and crept beneath the shade,
 To slumber on the verdant glade.

The branches shook, as winds arose,
 An acorn fell and hit his nose.
 Conceited fool, had things been made,
 According to the schemes you've laid;
 Or had the pumpkin grac'd that tree,
 Instead of meaner lighter me,
 Then had your stupid head been crush'd,
 Your whims destroyed, and nonsense hush'd.

In this manner, some critical gentry have
 revis'd *Milton*, explain'd *Shakespeare*, mo-
dernized,

dern'zed *Chaucer*, and reform'd the mode of novel writing. But I beg Mr. Giddy, that you would proceed.

“ The alteration in Mr. *Addlehead's* circumstances, made a much greater in his disposition. For he, who the day before, when only posselt of a competency, could look upon titles and riches with apathy, was by means of his new acquisitions, become a slave to both. The probity and accomplishments of *Horatio*, were sunk in the narrowness of his circumstances, and he appeared to the old gentleman to be quite a different person to what he had conceived him to be. The consequence of this new born ambition and avarice was a positive order to *Harriot*, not to admit the visits of *Horatio* any longer. The amiable virgin's tears and entreaties were in vain, all that she could urge was of no avail.”

As resentment always takes place in the breast of a disappointed lover, *Horatio*, though sorely afflicted, determined, if he could

could not possess her heart, to gall her pride. To effect his purpose, he entreated his pretended friend to assist him in bringing *Harriot* to a place where she might see him with a lady, whom he intended to accompany purposely, according to their agreement.

This was exactly the thing that *Lorenzo* wanted, though he seemingly dissuaded his easy and unsuspecting friend, from a purpose which he artfully inflamed him to pursue. Thus blinded by passion, a man of the greatest abilities, and most excellent understanding was dup'd, by the low cunning of a shallow and unfeeling villain. But,

The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the gods above.

Drawn to the appointed place by the perfidious *Lorenzo*, the lovely, deceiv'd *Harriot*, came, saw, and fainted through grief, at the too afflicting, though expected sight. While her deluder triumphed in her tears, and lead her half willing, half reluctant to her father's, where rage over-running reason,

and passion having baffled discretion, she declared she would bestow her hand agreeable to her papa's pleasure. She was taken at her word, *Lorenzo* was proposed, and during the paroxysm of her phrenzy accepted, the day of marriage was fixed, and none unhappy but the much deceiv'd *Harriot*.

At this period, a young lady, who had been at the boarding school with *Harriot*, arrived at *Margate*. She was a distant relation of *Horatio's*, and brought him news of the death of a rich uncle, an East India merchant, the bulk of whose fortune devolved to him. As she naturally enquired of him concerning *Harriot*, knowing her to be at that place, he related the whole affair to her, and with tears in his eyes complained of her perfidy, adding, that all the wealth in the universe, would not make him happy, and that his resolution was to go abroad.

The lady sympathized with him, and determined immediately to visit *Harriot*, as she had a great opinion of that young lady's goodness of heart.

She

She went accordingly, and was cordially received; when being private with *Harriot*, she mentioned *Horatio's* distress, and enquired into the cause of her change of sentiment towards him. This brought on an explanation of *Lorenzo's* perfidy, and the double part he had apparently acted, her heart began to feel its former sensations, and reviving joy, dissipated the gloom, which had for some time clouded her lovely countenance. At this very instant, *Lorenzo* appeared, but suddenly stopt short, and stood motionless through seeming surprize. But the reader will not be so much amazed as *Lorenzo* was, when informed, that he had formerly paid his addresses to the very identical lady who had so happily visited *Harriot*, and made no small impression on her heart. His conscience now stared him in the face, in a manner it never before presumed to do; his guilt attacked him on all sides, his baseness to the lady, his perfidy to his friend and *Harriot* rushed upon him in a storm of shame too strong to be withstood. He retreated with precipitation, and leaving the

D 5

house

house in the utmost confusion, sought his friend *Horatio*, acknowledged his guilt, profest a sincere contrition for his perfidious conduct, and entreated *Horatio* to intercede in his behalf with the lady. *Horatio*, replete with the milk of human kindness, forgave, made the desired intercession, and succeeded according to his wish. All parties were happily reconciled, *Lorenzo* married the injured lady, who, in a cordial forgiveness secured her own happiness. The ceremony was performed on the same day, that *Horatio* became lawfully possesst of the adorable, and amiable *Harriot*. While the old gentleman determined supinely to regulate his decayed constitution, and the politics of Europe, during the remainder of his days, in the house of his accomplished son-in-law.

“ A blessing ever waits on virtuous deeds,

“ And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

Author.

I have now finished my tale, gentlemen, and submit it to the censüre of your superior judgments.

Flimsy.

Flimsy.

Upon the whole it is tolerable, but if you expect to succeed, you must spice your performances with a little more absurdity.

Florid.

There is one thing, wherein Mr. *Flimsy*, in some measure approaches towards the manner of our modern novelists. I mean, in laying his scene in England, and adopting two names peculiar to Italy and Spain, viz. *Lorenzo* and *Horatio*.

Author.

I feel the full force of your remark, and really committed the fault merely to find, if the rules of modern criticism would permit you to except to what was in itself exceptionable, and absurd in its place; but in this I have strictly adhered to the practice of the novellists of the present age; for the fault of adopting foreign names is certainly less criminal, than using no name at all, in a performance, meerly fictitious; as for example.

MEMOIRS OF
 LADY BETTY WHIM,
 and SIR *****

NOW we must suppose, that this ingenious knight had reason to be more ashamed of his name than lady Betty Whim, or like our learned Plebeians, was under a necessity of making his mark, instead of signing his name, which the ingenious novelist has very curiously expressed by symbolic stars, in order to prove the erudition of people of fashion.

Bombast.

You are very right Mr. Giddy but are less to be admired for your deviation from staggirite criticism than many others who have laid the scene in England, and during the present age, yet their names are borrowed from the romans of *Augustus's* time, such as *Cornelia, Octavia, Clementina, &c.* Nay,
 a cele-

a celebrated passion drawer, who has for some time past, launched into the sea of politics, has personified his virtues, and vices, and latinised their names, in order to be as much out of reason's road as possible.

Florid.

When the principal name is foreign, and the rest domestic, it puts me in mind of the able managers of our theatres, who frequently dress the hero in a habit at once foreign, and ancient, while the rest of the group are all domesticated and modernized; but enough, at our next meeting, I'll give you a tale of my own in order to help you out, and swell your specimen into the bulk of a modern volume, and shall beg leave to introduce to your acquaintance a female genius, who may in many cases be of infinite service to you. As a specimen of her abilities, I will here present you with a poetical flourish in praise of her own sex, which was started by a recent occurrence alluded to in the latter lines.

The

THE
POWER of WOMAN,

Elucidated and exemplified.

A Monarch, upon an inquisitive hour,
Once ask'd, what on earth had most absolute
power?

A courtier said kings, and fuddler said wine,
But truth being there, did to woman incline;
For says truth, who was clad in the garb of a wit,
'Tis woman makes monarch, and drunkards sub-
mit.

With truth we agree, for all ages declare,
That wisdom, and strength, must bow down to the
fair.

For *Helen* each king went to cuffs like an ass,
And breaking of heads, was as current as brass.

Mighty *Hercules* too like an elephant strong,
Took a distaff to Spain, and whind out a love song.

And great *Alexander*, so trump'd up by fame,
Because his whore-frown'd be it spoke to his shame,

To prove that love's flame in his heart brightly
blaz'd,

Burnt a city, and at the hot flame calmly gaz'd.

And

And swore, while the sparkles ascended the sky,
 Not one could compare with a glance from her eye.
 Then man own that woman has absolute rule,
 You're a slave to her pride, to her whimsies a fool.
 Let her smile, in his speech the grave chancellor stops,
 And his peruke of wisdom is curl'd like a fop's.
 His place, and his pleadings, can nothing avail,
 The papers are twist'd, the friseurs prevail.
 Let a woman but nod, when a grave judge appears,
 He shall throw off his wig, and put on asses ears.

Giddy.

I shall be extremely proud to see your ingenious fair friend, and imagine these gentlemen will participate in my pleasure.

Bombast.

Undoubtedly, but Mr. *Florid*, will you favour us with a recital of the story which gave mirth to the lines you have repeated, and which is alluded to in the latter part.

Florid.

I will Sir. The haughty monarch of a neighbouring kingdom, more fam'd for his pride, than understanding, it is well known to all Europe, has long given himself
 entirely

entirely up to the most uxurious, and voluptuous pleasures. No minister, though ever so able or worthy is, or ever was secure from affront during his moments of inebriety, nor any woman from becoming victim to his lust. If he casts his eye upon a beautiful virgin, or wife, the parent, or husband, takes it for granted, that pollution is near at hand. As a person so noticed had never been known to escape; she who had held the largest sway in the empire of his affections, when her attractions were decayed, had art enough not to be piqued at his neglect of her, and various intrigues with others; but being no longer engaging as a mistress, commenc'd prime minister of his pleasures, by which means she swayed both monarch and people at will; and seem'd to him to be absolutely necessary to his existence. Upon her demise, he found a vacancy which was irksome, and which he wished to have filled. M. B—— who possess'd more of worldly ambition, than the pride of virtue, though of the lower class of people, found an opportunity of taking advantage

of his anxiety, and became a professed votary to infamy; the king was pleased, and the lady despotic, which was all that each wanted.

One evening, during a tete a-tete with his new acquisition, a principal officer of state, whose department was in the law, attended the king upon some emergent occasion, and desired an audience, as the business was very pressing; he was admitted into the private closet, where madam B—— taking notice of the dignified appearance of his official peruke, insisted upon its being papered, and buckled up in a most ridiculous and foppish manner. In vain the minister pleaded the emergency of affairs, the urgency of his present business, the solemnity of his office, and the affront it would be to himself. All he could say availed nothing, the lady was determined to use her power, and the monarch that evening having drowned his understanding in bumpers of English punch, acquiesced with her desire, the minister would have retired to avoid being the object of such absurd mirth; but madam B—— prevented

prevented him by summoning several lac-
quies to secure the door, and the friseurs to
execute the business immediately, when the
stupendious peruke soon lost the dignity of
its appearance, and the unlucky minister,
the usual serenity of his countenance, to the
great entertainment of the over-ruled mon-
arch, and over-ruling lady.

Flimsy.

A spirited girl upon my word, she was
determined to stretch her privilege, as far as
his prerogative would permit her.

Bombast.

Alas! poor monarchy, thou art fallen in-
deed! but it is ever the case of tyrants to be
the most groveling, and abject of mankind;
they are curst with a fervility equal to their
pride, and their passions tyrannize over
them, as much as they do over the rest of
mankind.

Author.

This anecdote of the haughty, yet pusil-
lani-

mous monarch puts me in mind of a carpenter, who being of a cruel, yet dastardly disposition was, for some misdemeanour one day, heartily drubbed by a companion; the meanness of his soul would not permit him to resent the blows on the person who had inflicted them, but going home to great dudgeon, he gave way to the baseness of his mind, and rancour of his heart, by beating a poor dog to death in a most barbarous manner, tho' the creature had given him no manner of offence, and had always been remarkably fond of him.

Flinisy.

These instances prove the propriety of the old adage, that *cowards are always cruel*. I remember a person (man or gentleman I will not call him, lest I should prostitute the words) possessed of a very considerable estate in Devonshire; whose litigious disposition rendered him a terror to all his neighbours, and his tyrannical temper procured him the hatred of his tenants in general. A quarrel generally followed every meeting with

with his neighbours, and a law suit always followed his quarrels, while any of his tenants who were unhappy enough to be in arrears to him, were compelled to sacrifice either the virtue of a wife, or a daughter to his lust, or their consciences to his private purposes. Yet this imperious, overbearing tyrant, was as submissive to a termagant wife, as his poor tenants were obliged to be to him ; he was sensible of her having criminal connections with one of his servants, and even without any apparent resentment received personal insult from the fellow.

Yet this wretch was thought a proper person to be received into favour at court, as a supple and convenient tool, to serve the purposes of a despotic minister, while the man of merit remained unheeded, and unknown. Well might the poet say,

“ When folly rules, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

CHAPTER XI.

*Whoever chance to read this chapter,
Will read it with contempt or rapture.*

MR. Florid having introduced Miss Lucy Luscious, the lady who wrote the lines on the power of woman, to our acquaintance, performed his promise of contributing his mite towards my volume by presenting me with the following.

M E M O I R S
OF A
M A R R O W - B O N E .

THE marrow-bone, with whose memoirs I here present you, formerly appertained to a bull, famous for his ferocity, the property of a farmer Goodman. The virtues]
of

of this man deserved a more exalted station, not but what he was contented with that which fate had allotted him; but if his power had been greater, his bounty would have been more diffusive, for it always equalled, and indeed oftentimes exceeded his means. Our bull being a very mischievous animal, and a terror to the neighbourhood, having done some mischief, the humane farmer determined to have it killed, when he received a message from Sir William Sanguine, the lord of the manor. He attended him accordingly, when to his great surprize, Sir William insisted upon his not killing the bull, but however, offered to give him his own price for him. The farmer was under a pecuniary necessity to accept the proposal; he named his terms, received his money, and *Roger the ferocious* became the property of Sir William, who bought him for no other purpose, but to let him run wild upon a common, which should have been appropriated to the use of the poor, but which thro' a malignancy of disposition he did not design should be of any use to the poor, though

though he never intended to use it himself, his temper being exactly similar to that of the dog in the manger, mentioned in Æsop's fables. The poor were accordingly debarred their right, and the bull reigned supreme, and sole monarch of the common.

Sir William being a sportsman, had been often accustomed to shoot on this common, he went out one morning with his gun, in search of sport; the bull happened to see him, and respecting him no more than one of the poor people whom he had so often terrified, run at his master, whose disposition differed but little from his own, and with one single toss of his horns, separated a soul replete with inhumanity from its frail tenement of clay. Sir William's providential fate was admired, but he remained unpitied. A monumental stone, indeed, erected by a nephew, who was heir at law, gave him many virtues which he never possessed, and proclaimed many acts of Benevolence of which he never had the least idea. But

Lies

Lies on monuments you may explore,
When the defunct has power to lie no more.

The fate of Sir William, resembled that of *Phalaris*, who formed a bull to torture others, but was the first who experienced the efficacy of the workmanship; so Sir William purchased a bull to be a terror to his neighbours, which proved a mortal bane to himself.

Our land became the property of the next heir at law. Sir William's nephew, who though he thought himself in private, obliged to the horns of the furious animal for the speedy possession of an ample estate, yet thought in decency he ought to have it killed, on account of the death of his dear uncle. Thus a villainous gratitude ruled his heart, while a laudable regret seemed to govern his actions. However, some good natured people (whether by his orders or not, remains unknown) took care that his sensibility should not be hurt, by the slaughter of an estate giving Brute, who had been so particularly kind to him, by stealing

stealing him away the night before the intended execution. We find him next in the possession of Sir *Archibald Sly*, a man less avowedly cruel, but more privately so, than Sir William, for if ever he did an ill-natured thing, it was under the masque of kindness. One remarkable example is still fresh in the memory of his neighbours. An easy, honest, well meaning husbandman, who rented one of his farms, had unknowingly and unwillingly by some means offended him; he conceived an implacable hatred against him, and devoted the unsuspecting farmer to ruin, but still preserved his usual placid countenance to the object of his revenge. The method he took was as uncommon as cruel. He frequently invited the farmer to dine with him, who was amazed at such distinguished kindness. One day, after dinner, Sir *Archibald* took the unsuspecting farmer into his stables, to look at his horses; the farmer praised them all in general terms; but was particularly warm in the commendation of a very beautiful true bred hunter. Sir *Archibald*, to

E

his

his great amazement, beg'd him to accept of this noble quadruped. He scarce knew whether to accept or refuse the gift; but a few moments reflection decided in favour of self-interest. We now see the farmer frequently hazarding his neck by leaping ditches, and five barr'd gates, in pursuit of a stinking fox, in company with Sir *Archibald*. It is true, he lost his time, and neglected his business; but his pride had taken the alarm, and the calm voice of prudence was drowned in the louder tone of ambition. For,

“Sway'd by nature, we ourselves deceive.”

The farmer began to fancy that he must certainly possess some merit with which he had hitherto been unacquainted, or Sir *Archibald* would never be so extremely fond of him; he assumed many consequential airs amongst his neighbours accordingly; and his wife, and two daughters greatly plum'd themselves, upon his supposed superiority:

so

so that the artifices of Sir *Archibald*, had rendered the whole family ridiculous.

As this disgrace to an ample fortune perceived his train had caught, he determined it should speedily blaze to the destruction of this deluded family, whose only crime was being simple, and unexperienced, and whose souls were at the very time filled with the utmost gratitude for past favours. He pretended to have an occasion for a new coach, and took an opportunity to make the wife a present of the old one, together with a pair of fine long tail geldings. It is not to be supposed that the farmer put these horses to any other use than what he imagined Sir *Archibald* intended them for; to draw his wife and daughters to church, or himself to ride out a hunting; besides it would have been an affront to the donor, to put such elegant presents to plough, or draw in a cart.

Their ambition encreased with their imaginary good fortune. They wished to shine in a sphere for which they were never intended; while they were at once envied and hated by their neighbours.

E 2

But

But the sun which had for some time dazzled their eyes, began to be overcast, and intervening clouds foreboded a storm. The fine horses who had assisted them to mispend their time, and neglect their business, had likewise eaten a great hole in their substance; bills came in a-pace, for they had not given so far into fashionable dissipation, without improving their external appearances, credit diminished, their extravagance having rendered their neighbours apprehensive, while their pride had given distaste. They implored the assistance of Sir *Archibald*, but in vain; they saw their error, but too late, for at the same time they saw their ruin. The coach and the three horses became again the property of Sir *Archibald*, their merciless landlord, together with the greater part of their substance. Thus were they reduced to a much lower situation than they had ever experienced; infected with more pride than could have been excusable in a much higher than they had ever known, through the artful machinations of a rich villain, who had rendered
three

three of the noblest animals in the world, the involuntary instruments to execute his diabolic schemes.

Our horned hero was soon after, by the order of Sir *Archibald*, baited in a most cruel manner, to the great entertainment of the flinty hearted clowns; and the next day killed, and sold to the *poor* at an extravagant price, for the emolument of the rich knight. The *marrow-bone*, which gave rise to our tale, was purchased by the wife of *Ned Clodfist*, a ploughman, who not being pleased with his wife's catering, gave her a very severe drubbing; at every blow, repeating, *I'll crack your marrow-bone for you*, which some of his neighbours overhearing, spread it through the parish. Now in country parishes, it has been observed by the curious, that out of those who go to church, about two thirds go to their own parish church, and the other third (in separate parties) make excursions to the neighbouring parish churches for several miles round; so that in one week, a piece of news is spread through half a county. This was the case

upon *Ned Clodfist's* manual exertion, of his authority, for in a few weeks the expression became proverbial throughout the adjacent country, and it was common to say, when any man had beaten his wife, that *he had been cracking a marrow-bone.*

We next find the subject of our tale tied to the tail of *Towzer*, farmer *Cribbage's* dog, who scoured through the village to the great diversion of the boys, and terror of the old women; he held his career for the space of a countryman's mile, and a bit, which is a Londoner's two miles; when overtaking *Sam Sturdy*, who was going to the next town to be present at a contested election, he was released from his disagreeable burthen *aposteriori*. *Sam*, after surveying the amazing magnitude of our *Colossian-bone*, thought it a more eligible offensive weapon, than the club he had already chosen; for *Sam* had been hired by *Sir Francis Forceall*, as regulating captain, to a company of *Noddle-breakers*, who were to compel the people to vote against their consciences. But *Sir Francis* lost his election, though our *Marrow-*
bone

bone performed miracles in his service, for the people determined to lose a little blood, rather than sell their liberties.

During the contest, our *Marrow-bone* shaved off the tip of a barber's nose, deprived a baker, famous for selling bread under weight of one of his ears, raised a swelling upon the head of a clergyman, big enough for a surgeon's text, silenced a school-master, who had never (while awake) held his tongue for above twenty years, gauged the understanding of an exciseman, seized upon the memory of a custom-house officer, beat several fine flights of fancy out of the head of a poetical squire, compelled a haughty landlord to bow down before his tenants, gave an usurer a greater premium than he would have wished to take, knocked a butcher down like an ox, prevented a taylor from exerting the little manhood he possessed, beat a disagreeable tatoo upon the head of a drummer, and what is the most wonderful of all, found out a method, to make the tongue of a scolding wife, (who had intruded in the scuffle) lye still for above

two hours, though her husband had often sworn that such a miracle could only be performed by death himself.

After each party had banged the other manfully for the benefit of the *candidates*, they grew tired of fighting, and therefore sat down to get drunk with all imaginable dispatch. As soon as *Sam Sturdy* found himself in a proper reeling condition, he began to make a circling progress towards home, and by the time he had proceeded a mile, had made as many conic sections, and interfections, as ever *Sir Isaac Newton* demonstrated. Finding our *Marrow-bone*, to be rather an incumbrance, he threw it away into a field by the road side, where it was soon after found by a son of *Vertu*, who has summoned several brother connoisseurs to meet at his house, that they may learnedly discuss the important point, to what living creature it could ever belong; where we must leave it to their sober consideration, till they determine whether *Giant*, or *Whale*, was the original owner.

CHAPTER X.

*Be they, whom coquets teize, resign'd,
For here a coquet's cure they'll find.*

UPON the next meeting, Miss — introduced two ladies of her acquaintance, who were strongly attached to literature, and might, as Miss — told me, be of great service to me. Mr. *Florid* had obliged me with a tale, every one determined to do the like. Mr. *Flimsy* accordingly began thus.

The COQUET RECLAIMED,

OR

The JUDICIOUS PARENT.

MR *Harvey*, an eminent physician of Somersetshire, had acquired a genteel fortune by residing at Bath during the season, for several successive years; but he

E 5

had

had one unhappiness, for as his fortune yearly increased, his wife's prudence declined, by giving too much into the pernicious though fashionable amusements of that place. They had a daughter named *Lydia*, to whom nature had been profusely kind, both in person and mind. But art had undone the work of nature; she had been too frequently upon parties of pleasure, and in the pump-room with her mother, to retain her native simplicity; her features, formed to raise admiration, were by affectation rendered ridiculous; and her understanding designed by nature to excite attention, became, by means of her intolerable coquetry, only an object of contempt.

Mrs. *Harvey* died, when *Lydia* was only in her sixteenth year, and Mr. *Harvey* being satisfied with the wealth he had already obtained, determined to quit the practice, and retired to *Shrewsbury*, that he might have an opportunity to eradicate the bad impressions which his daughter's mind had received from the imprudence of the mother's conduct, against which he had often remonstrated,

but in too lenient a manner to effect a thorough reformation.

But the father's trouble and care were vain, she was still

“ Practis'd to lisp, or hang the head aside,
“ Faint into airs, or languish into pride.”

At the ball, at the assembly, in the quarry walks, at table, and even at church, the father with grief found the coquet increase, and his hopes diminish. He at length perceived that it was as difficult to overcome what through custom had become second nature, as what was really so. He therefore laid aside all thoughts of reforming his daughter, but by means of a deep stratagem.

She was now more indulged than ever, in order to facilitate the design. Her beauty attracted a great number of admirers, whom her vanity prompted to encourage, however undeserving. Mr. *Amy*, a gentleman of a competent fortune, among the rest put in his claim, but as he happened to be the most worthy, he

was

was the worst used. Mr. *Harvey* would have been happy to have had Mr. *Amy* for a son-in-law, but did not chuse to hint his thoughts, lest his daughter should call in *contradiction*, to the aid of *coquetry*; for the alliance of two such powerful foes to *Prudence*, he did not much care to encounter.

She, in a short time, grew very expert at what our fashionable ladies term, *playing off lovers*, that is, mortifying the pride of one, by distinguishing another with some remarkable piece of condescension, by which means her lovers were continually by the ears together; and she had the *supreme happiness*, to find herself the occasion of a thousand disputes, and the continual source of contention.

“ With varying vanities from every part,

“ She shifts the moving toyshop of her heart.”

Mr. *Harvey* engaged an intimate friend to put his scheme into execution, as he did not care to be seen in it himself.

According

According to his directions, his friend engaged an *Irish taylor* and a *French hair-dresser*, to undertake the affair; he pretended to entertain a settled hatred against Mr. *Harvey*, for an affront formerly received, and was willing to 'give a thousand pounds to any man who would go compleatly thro' his scheme of revenge against his enemy, besides finding the means. He communicated his design separately to the taylor, and friseur, who both eagerly swallowed the bait. They were properly equipped, and instructed; their business being to introduce themselves to Miss *Harvey*, and, if possible, to run away with her.

They soon appeared at Shrewsbury without knowing each others intent. The Irishman, under the title of lord *Frontall*, and the Frenchman honoured with the name of the marquis de *Papilotte*.

They were soon introduced at Mr. *Harvey's*, as he smoothed the way for them himself. They preferred their suit, and met encouragement. Lydia was charm'd with the thoughts of a title. The *Irishman*
daily

daily pressed her to accept of a coronet, and the *Frenchman* to be allied to one of the greatest and noblest families of France; but neither made any proposals to the father, fearing he might inspect more narrowly into their pretensions, then the daughter's coquetry would permit her to do.

Mr. *Harvey* saw the success of his scheme; he saw his daughter ripe for elopement; the only thing that detained her was a violent dispute within herself, concerning which title was to be preferred, that of *countess*, or that of *marquess*.

Among the rest of her suitors, was captain *Clod*, a rough hewn, turbulent sailor, who seemed born for no other purpose than to live among storms and tempest. To complete the scheme, an anonymous letter was dispatched to this downright lover, who was greatly chagrined at the treatment he received from Miss *Harvey*, which he could but badly brook; and exasperated at the visible preference given to his rivals. The letter informed him of these mock noblemen's names and occupations, insinuated the
villany

villainy of their scheme, and exhorted him, if he valued the lady, to prevent their succeeding.

Mr. *Clod* immediately communicated the letter to Mr. *Harvey*, who said all he could to confirm him in the belief of the contents; and promised to invite them to dinner the next day, that he might have an opportunity to expose them to his daughter, as impostors.

Mr. *Harvey* well knew, that whoever mortified his daughter's vanity, would become an object of her hate, which was the reason of his not employing Mr. *Amy* in this affair, as he wished to see his daughter give him her hand.

The mock gentry were invited, and captain *Clod* was so well pleased with his hopes of exposing them, that he was, during the whole time of dinner, more complaisant than usual.

The cloth was no sooner removed than the captain, after clapping a quid of tobacco into his mouth, began to open with them, saying, "Mr. *Lord*, and you Mr. *Mar-*
quis,

“ *quis*, what masters did you serve your apprenticeships to? nay, don’t look big, for
 “ I’ll know before you leave this house.”

Surprize tied Miss *Harvey*’s tongue, while the father in silence enjoyed the scene.

My Lord at last replied, “ Sir, if any
 “ part of your discourse is directed to me,
 “ by Saint Peter, I am at a loss to know
 “ what you drive at,” and *Moi aussi*, says the Frenchman, “ me no understand vat
 “ you mean.

“ Oh, you don’t (says the captain) but
 “ may I forget how to reef and steer, if I
 “ don’t make you in a minute. *You* Irish
 “ scoundrel, that pretend to be a lord,
 “ you know yourself to be nothing better
 “ than *Barnaby Sheers*, of Hedge lane,
 “ London, journeyman-taylor; and you
 “ soup maigre marquis, by name, *Jean*
 “ *Galliard*, are nothing better than a journeyman hair-dresser of Drury-lane. You
 “ are both here upon a villainous design to
 “ sheer off with this young lady, for which
 “ the

“ the cargo of him that gets her is to be
 “ encreased by a good round thousand
 “ pounds ; you see I know your scheme.”

They were struck motionless with surprise, and dumb with conviction. They at the same moment got up to retire as if actuated by the same impulse, and the captain seizing a good heavy cane, compelled them to increase their speed considerably.

Miss *Harvey* felt the very sentiments her father fancied she would. She was shocked at the very idea of the danger she had escaped, but her pride was so much concerned, that she could not look upon the captain but with an unfavourable eye, tho' she fancied him to be the cause of her deliverance, and indeed, carried her resentment so far, as to insist upon the captain's being dismissed the house ; when she promised in every article for the future, to be obedient to the commands of her father. Mr. *Harvey* took her at her word, and talking privately to the captain, pointed out the unhappiness that would probably attend
 a marriage,

a marriage, where the heart did not go along with the hand. The captain was not fond of arguing, unless manually, he therefore rather chose to coincide with any argument, than to be at the trouble of refuting it. And so making the best of a bad market, he determined to cure himself of love by another trip to sea, still comforting himself with the sublime reflection of having detected two impostors, which he ever after reckoned among his greatest conquests.

Mr. *Harvey* insisted, as the first proof of his daughter's obedience, that she should give her hand to Mr. *Amy*, to which she readily consented, for in reality she had conceived a passion for him, though her pride strove to smother it. Thus by the parent's prudent management, the daughter was reclaimed, and all parties happy.

Mr. *Bombast*, to vary the amusement, gave the following poetical tale.

THE

THE COXCOMB.

F*Lorid*, a coxcomb of distinguished note,
Proud of the glitter of a gold-laced coat,
Thought all embellishments of mind were
low,

And much beneath the notice of a beau.
To sparkle in the side-box at a play,
Or at a ball, to bear the bell away;
To be the sovereign arbiter at tea;
Great in the conduct of the high toupee.
These were concerns of most prodigious
weight,
Enough to sink a minister of state.

He'd tell a lady, like an useful friend,
How a boi'd lap-dog might complexions
mend.

What made the hands most delicately white,
Or gave the greatest brilliancy to sight;
He could the lineaments of beauty trace,
And most delightfully inform a face.

Long

Long *Florio* rov'd about from from Miss
to Miss,

But never tasted one substantial bliss.
No single woman had sufficient charms,
to captivate him to her lovely arms;
He thought each hair upon his head a dart,
And that each hair deserv'd a woman's heart.
This connoisseur to find perfection rov'd,
With such true delicacy *Florio* lov'd.

At length our coxeomb, for a painter
sent,

With this most eminently wise intent,
To have the portrait of a beauty drawn,
Bright as the dew drops at Apollo's dawn,
And then to wait with apathy resign'd,
To match the picture in the female kind.

Draw me, says he, a beauty heavenly fair,
With mein engaging, and enchanting air;
Let her soft *skin* be white as driven *snow*,
And in her *cheeks*, the blushing *roses* blow;
Let fairest *lillies* in her *neck* be seen,
And *alabaster* crown her *brow*, serene;
Her hair, imagination must surpass,
Black as the *jet*, and smooth as polished *glass*;

A

A thousand *diamonds* in her *eyes* must shine,
 And radiant glories make the nymph divine;
 Each glance must like a streaming meteor
 blaze,

And fix mankind in lethargy of gaze;
 Within the ringlets of her *bair* must lie,
 A thousand cupids to attract the eye;
 Her teeth like polish'd ivory must appear,
 White to excess, and regularly clear;
 Her *lips* must with the sparkling *ruby* vie,
 And the plump *cherry's* luscious charms
 defy;

Inviting to the aromatic blifs,
 Of tasting nectar in a balmy kiss;
 A perfect beauty is the thing I'll have,
 Or else I'll sink unmarried to the grave.
 The artful painter, literally drew,
 And brought the fop's ideal fair to view.

Amaz'd! what's here? cried *Florio* in a
 pet,

Snow, roses, lillies, alabaster, jet;
Diamonds so bright, and glass so very pale,
 And faith a *meteor*, with a blazing tail;
 The *cherries* luscious red, and *iv'ry* white,
 And *Cupid's* flying by the *ruby's* light.

A portrait this ! says *Florio* in a huff,
 This seemless, stupid, complicated stuff.
 Sir, said the painter, had you bade me
 draw,
 A finish'd beauty, under nature's law,
 I then perhaps, the real thing had hit,
 But you describe with such a deal of wit,
 That as I've work'd, by your instructions
 given,
 I've drawn a thing unknown in earth or
 Heaven.



CHAPTER XI.

*I know this chapter's incorrect ; pray take it,
I'm all submission, what you'd have it make it.*

THE ladies, whom Miss *Positive* had introduced, were Miss *Patty Pout* and Miss *Lucy Luscious*, who determined to favour me in the manner my male friends had done. Miss *Positive* accordingly set them an example by communicating

The T A L E

O F T H E

Three Extraordinary Men.

I Was three times very near being married, but remain still a maid, by meeting *three very extraordinary men.*

The

The first was Mr. *Gravelock*, a gentleman of an immense fortune ; but I am very glad I missed of him, for he was as as positive as myself ; and that would not have furnished the house with much peace. He opened his mind in a very solemn manner. I heard him patiently, and gave him hopes ; he soon after pressed me to permit him to name the day ; I thinking it necessary to be coy, told him I positively would not be married, for I was too young. He took me at my word, bid me adieu, and said he would stay till I grew older, and wiser ; for if I spoke as I thought, I certainly must dislike him ; but if I did not, I was too insincere to be his wife. I was too positive to retract, and he was too positive to soften.

My next offer was from Mr. *Sky*, a gentleman wonderfully fond of trouble in his love affairs, for the more you denied him, the more he liked you, and the more you complied, the more he stood aloof. But I, thinking to improve upon my last folly, determined, in a very positive manner, to be

be sincere; therefore, as soon as he put the question to me, I frankly told him, I would give him my hand as soon as he pleased. He received this declaration with less ardour than I expected; soon took his leave, and the next day sent me a note, to let me know that he had changed his mind, for I was too frank to be chaste.

My next suitor was Lord *Lofty*, who as soon as the preliminaries were agreed upon, insisted, previous to our nuptials, that I should freely confess he was going, (in marrying me) to do me a very great honour. This was too large a morsel for my pride to swallow, I positively refused to make any such acknowledgement, and in my turn positively insisted that he should confess, that I was going to do him a favour in consenting to be his bride. Instead of giving me any answer, he pulled out a scroll, which contained his pedigree, and walking off with a contemptuous sneer, left me to reflect upon his consequence.

F

Thus

Thus by being too positive, I lost three chances of being married, and though my temper has rather reduced me in my circumstances, yet I positively believe I shall die a martyr to obstinacy.

Miss P O U T's Story.

T H E

Three Extraordinary Women.

AS Miss *Positive's* misfortunes, or what she thinks so, were derived from her having met with three extraordinary men, mine proceeded from having known three extraordinary women.

When I was very young, I was very proud, and extremely envious. A Miss *Bright*, in the neighbourhood of my dwelling place, had excited my envy, by being more beautiful than myself. At the same time, a very agreeable young gentleman courted

courted me, when I foolishly insisted, as a proof of his love to me, that he should pretend to pay his addresses to Miss *Bright*; and as soon as he had brought her to favour his suit, reject her disdainfully, and he should immediately receive my hand.

He complied with one part of my request, he paid his addresses to Miss *Bright*, and she, having been apprized of my scheme by my maid, who was treacherous to me, so far insinuated herself into his good graces, that they were married in less than a month after my scheme had been laid.

Soon after, I fell desperately in love with an officer of the guards; he had frequent opportunities of being in my company, but never seemed to be impressed with any emotion in my favour; his indifference made me mad: I determined to let him know my mind by some means, for delicacy and propriety never once entered my head; yet I had sense enough not to give him a note of my folly under my hand, no; I chose to employ a confidant. A cousin of the cap-

tain's, who was an intimate of mine, I pitched upon to supplicate in my behalf, and she proved so adroit in her negotiation upon my account, that in a very short time she was married to him herself.

Twice disappointed, I was resolved to beware of the third time; but alas! how frail are mortal resolves? we have not our fortunes in our own power.

An old gentleman, who had, with his gouty legs, hobbled many score times, to my father's, in order to wheeze a compliment or two, and cough out his passion with all the energy, which a tickling rheum could give him, was just on the point of receiving me as his nuptial nurse. He complained of my coldness frequently, but my father had persuaded him, as he was rich, that it was only the coyness of my temper; but three days before marriage, he heard of a young lady, who was passionately fond of old men, and fancied the gout the most entertaining disease in the world. I was for this phenomenon forsaken with contempt,
and

and remain as you see, a hopeless virgin. By publishing my disappointments, perhaps Mr. Giddy you may be the occasion of reviving my hopes.

CHAPTER XII.

*Incontinence with hasty strides,
O'er dissipating nobles rides.*

Miss LUSCIOUS'S Story,

And Observations on the

M E M O I R S

OF A

F A L L E N A N G E L.

I Was lately in the office of a Grace about the person of a Venus; that is, I was attendant to a lady, formerly as celebrated

for her beauty, as at present infamous for her *Faux pas*. I must own that some may think I don't act with strict propriety in accusing the lady of a slip, because I have been convicted of sliding myself; But if she repents as sincerely as I have done, she'll think I merit forgiveness; when I gave way to the frailties of the flesh.

“ When strongly charm'd I left the thorny way.”

I always found the punishment attended the crime; so that upon mature reflection, found policy inclined me to a reformation, and what at first was political, in time became inclination. That at present, if I may be allowed to give my own opinion; I am both from reason and constitution, a perfect *Lucretia*. I thought it requisite to say so much in vindication of my own character, that I may take the greater freedom with the lady's.

My lady was of a good family; I mean by good, rich and well descended. I shall
say

say nothing of her childish years, because I was at that time unacquainted with her. She is as beautiful as an angel, but of a complexion rather more amorous than is consistent with angelic purity. A noble lord took it into his head to fall in love with her from report, and set off post haste to Paris, where she was under the inspection of her father. When he arrived at Paris, he began to consider what he had hurried to that place for. A few minutes reflection let him understand that he fancied he was in love, and came to confirm himself in that notion. He drest immediately, and easily got admitted into the family of my lady, his quality being a sufficient apology for any introduction whatsoever.

As he was pretty well sunk in love without seeing the lady, he was over head and ears when he saw her; for he had too good an opinion of his own understanding, to imagine he had fallen in love in a wrong place.

He declared his passion very prettily. She simpered very prettily in return. And

they agreed pretty well; the father was made acquainted with his suit, and consented that it should be a match. Miss had no objection, for she was in a languishing condition; and my lord having taken one fit into his head, determined it should have a brother. And so taking a fit of generosity into his head, he very fairly refused a very ample fortune, only desiring it might be settled upon her as *pin money*.

The father was very happy in the nuptials, for he began to dread that a devil, who is always fatal to our sex, would soon seize her, curiosity I mean, a devil that has been a great enemy of mine.

The young couple had a long honeymoon, and thought themselves supremely happy, and happy might they have been still, had she proved as virtuous as he was loving; but she began to be uneasy without knowing the cause. Her heart palpitated without any thing being apparently near to give it emotion; upon being visited by any nobleman, she blushed up to the ears, while doing

doing the honours of the table; though she was conscious, she had no call to be ashamed of any one present. After a great deal of restlessness and pulse beating, she discovered that she was under the immediate influence of the *Demon* called *Variety*. Variety, the only thing to encrease her disorder, she fancied would give her ease. She now began to give her eyes more freedom than was consistent with modesty. The language of the eye is very intelligible. A certain noble, or rather ignoble lord, hackney'd in the ways of lust, and expert at seduction perfectly well understood her meaning, and determined to avail himself of his knowledge.

One evening, when my lord was out of town, my lady went to Raneleigh; her lover took care to employ proper persons to make her servants drunk, this was effected in the utmost extent of the commission. Her carriage was called for in vain, when my lord *sly* politely offered his to convey her home, and himself to squire her. She ac-

cepted his invitation, and his servants being properly instructed, the carriage very conveniently broke down opposite to the door of a celebrated tavern. In the confusion he handed her into the tavern without her enquiring into the reputation of the house, and importunity coming to the aid of opportunity, she was ruined.

A propensity to vice, overcame whatever repugnant reflections she might entertain after her first crime. But though she still kept the road of sin, she changed the tract, and prompted by the *Demon Variety*, descended so low as to commence an intrigue with her lord's groom. The advances were made by herself, for the poor fellow did not dare to gaze upon so bright a sun, till it was clouded to encourage him. A foreigner next attracted her notice; he was politely insinuating, and she easily subdued, but the intrigue was not carried on so secretly, but it came to the husband's knowledge, who begged her to pay a visit to her father, and to remain there till he sent a card to desire her

her return ; she complied with his request, her lover decamped, her husband commenced a process in law, and she has lately thought proper to retire to the southern parts of France ; for France is become the common receptacle of fallen angels, fallen stars, bankrupts, and mistaken projectors.

C H A P T E R X I V .

*Self is the grand misleader of mankind,
And renders us to our own follies blind.*

I Shall now, according to my promise, investigate that usual and laconic interrogation,

Who are you ?

Had the question *who are you*, been put to *Alexander the Great*, he would, without doubt have replied, that he was the greatest monarch beneath the sun, the greatest hero the world ever saw, the greatest conqueror
that

that ever drew a sword, and a descendant of Jove himself. This he would have asserted; and would have been backed in his assertion by

Fame, the loose breathing of a clamorous crowd,
Ever in lies, most confident and loud.

But let truth declare her sentiments, she will inform the world of the real state of the case; she will make it appear, that *Alexander*, instead of being *Great*, was in reality *infamous*. That in lieu of being the *greatest monarch* beneath the sun, he was the *greatest robber* beneath the sun; first despoiling his neighbours, and afterwards rambling about the world to rob and murder those who had never offended him in the least, or even heard of his name.

Instead of being the *greatest hero* the world ever saw, he was the most absurd fool; for when he might have enjoyed ease and plenty, and have been blessed as the father of his people, he took a deal of pains, and
run

run all manner of dangers to do as much mischief as the power which he unluckily possessed would permit, and was execrated by people he had no manner of business with as a tyrant.

Instead of being the *greatest hero* that ever drew a sword, he was the most pusillanimous and cruel *coward*, for he murdered all who came in his way, while his repose was continually murdered by his own unruly passions, and neglecting to oppose these his greatest enemies, fought out such as never intended to harm him.

Heroes are much the same, it is agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Sweed;
Not one looks backward, onward still he
goes,
But never sees an inch beyond his nose.

Instead of deserving to be rever'd as a descendant of *Jove*, he deserves to be despised for his infamous pride in so ardently desiring to bastardize himself, and ruin his
mother's

mother's fame, to be complimented with a little false glare of mock divinity.

Hence we may conclude, that when he is viewed in a proper light, his grandeur will appear meanness, his prowess cowardice, and his mercy cruelty; for he is trumped up as merciful for sparing the house of the poet *Pindar*, who had flattered him; when he took it into his head to burn a fine city, to gratify the whim of a strumpet: amazing clemency indeed! to spare that which he had no right to destroy. His generosity must in the eye of reason appear to be avarice, for after stealing a great deal, he spent a little to keep himself in countenance, and rewarded those who assisted him to commit his depredations with what he had no right to give away.

Every object is best viewed by contrast; comparison is a touch stone of truth, let us then try this matter farther, by asking the same question of one who was the very contrast to *Alexander*; come forth then *Diogenes*, and tell us.

Who thou art;

His

His answer is obvious; he would have us understand that he is the wisest mortal, and most profound philosopher in the world, who could despise riches, and the enjoyments of life for the delicious charms of dogmatism; but let *Truth* strip off the bandage of *Prejudice*, he will immediately appear to be a *misanthropical fool*, who could for the sake of being *singular* pretend to despise those real comforts which the bountiful author of nature has thought proper to indulge us with. If *Alexander* was blasphemous in actions by defacing the image of his maker, *Diogenes* was blasphemous in thought, by rejecting his kindness, for what he called the necessities of life only. Indeed he made use of what was just sufficient to keep soul and body together; but that could never be the intent of the wise creator, who thought proper to make nature so luxuriant.

The follies of both *Alexander* and *Diogenes* took their rise from the same source, a mistaken notion of fame, which actuated their souls in a different manner, by rendering

ing one obnoxious and the other ridiculous.

Then let us examine what this fame is, this grand misleader of mankind this.

“ Fancied life in others breath.”

For by knowing its nature we may the better account for its universal influence.

Fame, the great ill from small beginnings grows,

Swift from the first, and every moment brings

New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings.

Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size,

Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies.

Enrag'd against the *gods*; revengeful *earth*;

Produc'd her last of the Titanian birth.

Swift is her walk, more swift her winged haste,

A monstrous Phantom, horrible and vast.

As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,

So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight.

Millions

Millions of opening mouths to fame be-
 long,
 And every mouth is furnish'd with a
 tongue;
 And round with list'ning ears the flying
 plague is hung.
 She fills the peaceful universe with cries,
 No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes.
 By day from lofty towers her head she shews,
 And spreads through trembling crowds dis-
 astrous news.
 With court informers haunts, and royal
 spies,
 Things done relates, not done she feigns,
 and mingles truth with lies.
 Talk is her business and her chief delight,
 To tell of prodigies, and cause affright.

We see by this picture that *Fame* is a
 monster, but nevertheless, monster as she is,
 she is universally courted by mankind.

Ask Mr. Martext who he is, he will in-
 form you with much christian humility, that
 he is an able divine, and a proper example
 to

to be imitated; yet he is sensible that he was preferred for being pimp to a man in power, and prostituting a sister to his embraces; his only merit being meanness, and his greatest talent a servility of behaviour to the last degree contemptible.

Say to serjeant *Mumblebrief*,

Who are you?

He will reply, a very learned, worthy, honest gentleman, a lawyer above corruption, or sinister views; but then he little thinks that we are sensible he obtained his estate by a forgery, and that the utmost of his abilities, is the meer knowledge of the names of *Coke* and *Littleton*, without having ever read a single sentence they had writ.

Was you to say to captain *Thumpem*, *who are you?* he would inform you that he was one of the bravest commanders that ever led a battalion to charge the enemy, and give you a narrative of the skirmishes he had been in, the dangers he had run, and the wounds he had received. But

Truth

Truth would contradict him by making it appear that he had never received a wound in his life, except a broken head in St. James's Park, from a gentleman, to whom he had been insolent; as for danger he had never been in any, but of being hanged for ravishing a dumb girl; he had been in the army indeed, and in one skirmish, but was broke upon the affair for cowardice; however, he bore the title of captain, and wore a cockade in order to allure demi-reps to his arms, and terrify waiters.

But here comes a lady who has been engaged in twenty law suits, to prove herself virtuous; but it unluckily happens that the obstinate world will think otherwise of her.

Pray madam, *who are you?*

O dear Sir, I'm the most virtuous woman in the *universe*, as it is *universally* allowed.

I will give you some sketches of the life of this virtuous woman.

M E M O I R S

O F A

Modern Virtuous L A D Y.

MISS *Arabella Finikin* was the daughter of a Musician, who being doatingly fond of himself and his own music, took very little care of his daughter's education. Indeed he had some trifling reasons to despair of effecting much with her, for though he had read that

“ Music hath charms to sooth the savage

“ breast,

“ To soften rocks, and bend the knotted

“ oak.”

Yet he could not find any tune, which could tame his daughter, or render her less obstinate. For she was

One of the contradicting sex,
 Practised in every art to vex ;
 What she most lov'd was contradiction,
 What she most hated was conviction.

By the means of which disposition we find her at the age of seventeen, very pretty and very ignorant. Though her ignorance it must be owned, was no disadvantage to her in the eye of a superficial observer ; for as she had taken so little pains to cultivate her mind, she was particularly careful to adorn her person, and the bloom of her countenance made her thoughtless vacant look appear to be the effect of innocence, even her affectation itself to one who reflected but slightly, might seem to result from simplicity.

Mr. Drawl, a comedian of the lower class had seen her, but her beauty made no impression on him, for he was too much wrapped up in himself to think of any thing that did not make the first advance to him.

Miss

Miss *Finikin* had unluckily taken no notice of him, so that if she was by chance mentioned in company, he would declare that she was as ugly as an old witch.

One day Mr. *Drawl* had occasion to call upon Mr. *Finikin*, who desired him to stay dinner.

Miss *Bella* did the honors of the table, and the buskin'd hero scarce deigned to give her a look, so much had the stage dignified him.

When the cloth was removed, the theatre became the object of conversation, many flimsy arguments were advanced by Mr. *Finikin*, and many futile answers given by Mr. *Drawl*. The players of each sex, together with the musicians, were very ingeniously arraigned; and Mr. *Finikin* having convinced himself that he was the very greatest master of music in the kingdom, Mr. *Drawl* thought he had an undoubted right to prove as far as he was able, that he was the best player in the kingdom, not excepting Mr. *Garrick* himself; and accordingly

ingly began to enumerate his own excellencies; but such a disquisition was not to be entered into by a son of *Thespis*, without a great deal of ranting, for whenever a player takes it into his head to entertain you with an account of his own merits, a great deal of good English is sure to be murdered.

Poor blank verse, how I pity thee! thou art more mangled than a gally slave.

Poor rhyme, thine afflictions are great; thou art parcel'd out to every coxcomb, and murdered to gratify his vanity.

Mr. *Finikin* was too full of his own importance, to attend to Mr. *Drawl's* self-praise, who thought proper to spout.

“ Let there be not one glimpse, one starry

“ spark,

“ But gods meet gods, and jostle in the dark.”

These lines, with the actions which accompanied them, greatly terrified Miss
Bella

Bella; for she imagined such a celestial scuffle could not happen without mischief. Mr. *Drawl* perceived her terror, and smiling at her fear, began with a languishing look to whine out,

“ How I have lov’d.”

Witness ye days, and nights, and all ye hours,
That danc’d away with down upon your feet;
As all your business were, to count my passion.

One day passed by, and nothing saw but love,

Another came, and still ’twas only love.

The suns were wearied out with looking on,
And I untir’d with loving.

I saw you all the day, and every day,
And every day was still but as the first;
So eager was I still to see you more.

This speech pleased Miss wonderfully, she fancied, a man that could look so foolish, and whine out such fine things so tenderly concerning

concerning love, must make an excellent lover, or else the deuce was in it. She took care to let him know her opinion of his theatrical accomplishments. As he continued spouting, by interrupting with several convenient words; such as *charming! delightful! amazing! fine indeed! exquisite*; and several others of equal significancy. This so elated him, that though of a diminutive stature, he fancied that he was equal to *Barry* in size, to *King* in person, and far superior to *Garrick* in merit. He wondered greatly how he could ever have fancied Miss *Arabella Ugly*, when she was so discerning a person, he concluded there must have been some mistake, and very gravely interrogated himself.

Is she not

As harmless as a turtle of the woods;
 Fair as the summer beauty of the fields;
 As opening flowers, untainted yet with
 winds;

G

The

The pride of nature and the joy of sense ?
 Is she not more than painting can express,
 Or youthful poets fancy when they love ?
 A lavish plannet reign'd when she was born,
 And made her of such kindred mould to
 heaven ;
 She seems more Heaven's than ours.

When he had thus solemnly questioned himself, he judiciously answered his own question with,

“ She is all this, and more than I can speak.”
 As he had so ingeniously discovered that she equalled the finest descriptions, and belonged more to Heaven than to mortals ; he determined, if possible to rob Heaven of its share in her, by obtaining her for a wife ; as he had no notion that a man of his merit could possibly be refused ; he paid her a visit next day. She farther happening to be called aside, he had an opportunity of making his declaration, which he did in a manner so sublime, and totally unintelligible, that she

He stared like one that was thunder struck, and was quite at a loss to know what he would be at, for Mr. *Drawl* had squar'd all his notions of life by the drama; and thinking that so momentous an affair as a declaration of love, merited the greatest attention, was at the pains to cull the most bombast speeches he could find in any of his plays, in order to introduce his heart to the acquaintance of Miss *Finnikin*. But as he happened to soar a little above her comprehension, she was under the necessity of telling him she did not know what he was talking about; an answer luckily popped in his head immediately.

“Who can behold such beauty and be
“ silent!

“ Desire first taught us words, man when
“ created

“ At first, alone, long wander'd up and
“ down,

“ forlorn and silent, as his vassal beasts,

“ But when a heaven born maid like you

“ appeared,

“ Strange pleasures fill’d his eyes and fired

“ his heart,

“ Unloosed his tongue, and his first talk was

“ love.”

Here poor *Otway* happened to be of greater service to Mr. *Drawl*, than he could have been to himself, for as had written naturally, Miss *Bella* understood his meaning, by which she gave a pretty shrewd guess at Mr. *Drawl*’s; her discovery brightened up her complexion, and added greatly to her charms. She smiled in approbation of his compliment. This, Mr. *Drawl*, who was not one of the most diffident men in the world, took as a certain sign for the cessation of distant respect; he therefore, by way of commencing familiarities, seized her hand, giving her a slight at the same time, as a sweetner to apologize for his rudeness.

And is it given me thus, to touch thy hand,
Unfold thy body in my longing arms;

To

To gaze upon thy eyes, my happier stars !
 To taste thy lips, and thy dear balmy breath,
 While every sigh comes forth, so fraught
 with sweets :

'Tis incense to be offer'd to a god.

So many pretty things made her think him the prettiest fellow in the world; for as she was totally unacquainted with theatrical affairs, and had read but very little, she looked on them all to be the spontaneous effusion of a sprightly imagination. He pressed her to give him leave to mention the affair to her father, which as she was not very coy, she consented to.

As Mr. *Finnikin* had but a very slender opinion of our buskin'd hero, he gave him an absolute denial, as soon as he had hinted the affair; at the same time, telling him he need not give himself the trouble to call any more at his house, for he should be extremely busy for a considerable time. Mr. *Drawl* thought him a very impertinent fellow, tho' he did not tell him so, and took his leave with a look of ineffable contempt.

He found means to correspond with Miss *Bella*, who finding her father absolutely bent against the match, determined to disobey him, as she had ever made contradiction her chief study. This she found means to do, by obtaining leave of her father to visit an old aunt for a week, who lived in Hertfordshire. As Mr. *Finnikin* did not in the least suspect his daughter's design, he let her go in the stage unattended. She had apprized her lover of the affair, who met her according to agreement, when they made the best of their way to *Scotland*, for she had a trifling fortune, and therefore came under the denomination of an heiress. However, their journey was attended with no inconvenience, Mr. *Drawl* having been engaged a few days before, to join a company at *Glasgow*.

The sin of disobedience is generally punished by means of the very instrument used to disobey. This was the case with Mrs. *Drawl*, for the more she conversed with the world, the more knowledge she acquired, and as she had naturally a tolerable genius, she sincerely lamented her ignorance. However

ever she knew enough to perceive that her husband had not a single idea of his own, that he was a meer parrot. A mouth-piece to the opinions of other men, as he spoke nothing but their sentiments, and those he had so confused in his chaotic brain, that he almost continually misapplied whatever he repeated, and rendered a good sentence ridiculous by placing it wrong, [so that his conversation was a meer jumble of absurdity.

N. B. This is the case with many who tread the stage at present, who are the most vain, and at the same time contemptible, and insipid company in the universe.

Add to his total want of understanding, a want of sensibility, which rendered him ostentatious in tyrannizing over whatever was in his power ; his intolerable vanity ; his brutal affectation of superiority ; the general dislike that every body had to him contributed, to render him odious to his wife ;

who indeed never had any real affection for him ; besides she soon found that the fair consort of a buskin'd monarch was, together with his majesty, very frequently compelled to go to bed supperless, as soon as the regal robes were thrown aside. This gave her a total disrelish to a theatrical life yet she did not chuse to return to her father, though she determined to get rid of her husband as soon as she possibly could.

A country squire, who lov'd himself better than any body in the world, and his horses and hounds, better than any thing except himself, happened to pass through Glasgow, he took it into his head to see our players perform ; when the play was over, he with a rapping oath, pronounced Mrs. *Drawl*, whom her husband had lately obliged to play, to be a lass of metal, and immediately gave her as much of his heart as his little sensibility would allow him to bestow. He found an opportunity of conversing with her, which he might easily do, as her husband had not jealousy among his bad qualities.

lities. The squire never used any more ceremony to rational creatures than he did to his dogs, so he very bluntly invited her to run away from her husband, which she as frankly consented to do.

Our squire was,

The hopeful heir of a great family,
That with strong beer, and beef, the country
rules,
And ever since, the conquest have been
fools;
And still with wond'rous cautious care maintain,
That character, left crossing of the strain
Should mend the booby breed.

His seat was in Shropshire, whither he conducted Mrs. *Drawl*, who at first was not a little proud of her advancement, but every crime brings its punishment along with it. She soon repented of her adulterous exultation; at least, if her conscience did not at

that time prick her, her pride did, for she found one fool to be as bad as another, or she rather found her hunting-fool to be worse than her theatrical fool; for when he had gratified his brutal appetite, he retained her merely as a maygame instead of a mistress. This made her repent her fallhood to her husband, and even wish to return to him; but from a man of his disposition of mind, she could little hope for forgiveness, so true it is respecting woman:

That one false step entirely damns her fame,
In vain with tears, and sighs, she may deplore,

In vain look back on what she was before,
She sets like stars that fall to rise no more.

The squire once perceived that she took particular notice of a very handsome silk sack, which was worn by a neighbouring lady, he procured a piece of silk of the same pattern, and presented it to Mrs. *Drawl*, who immediately put it into the hands of a
mantua-

mantua-maker, and gave orders for its being made up. The squire, unknown to her, countermanded the orders; and the meanest of his maid servants, a few days afterwards appeared in it, and seemed to brave Mrs. *Drawl* to her face. This must be allowed a great mortification to a woman of her spirit. But thus it was daily; all that a head unfurnished with any more invention than what a heart replete with malice could supply, had power to effect, was effected by the squire, who took a malignant pleasure in tormenting and distressing her; and when he had sufficiently exercised her patience at any time, he would boast to his companions that he had been very highly entertained, for no woman in England bemoaned her fate with more drollery, or was more comical in her sorrow, than Mrs. *Drawl*.

This usage determined her to quit the mansion of one whom she could consider in no other light than that of a monster. She might yet have been happy had she turn'd her thoughts to virtue, or considered, That

Virtue

Virtue alone is happiness below,
 The only point where human bliss stands still,
 That tastes the good without the fall to ill;
 The joy, unequal'd if its end is gain,
 And if it loose, attended with no pain.

But she could not look on that glorious field with sufficient resolution to enter it; her mind remained vitiated, though she resolved to change the object of vice.

She secretly left the squire's, without knowing which way to guide her steps. She could not think of London, for fear of being seen by her father. She therefore trusted herself entirely to the care of the blind goddess of chance, and walked above twelve miles that day, that when she put up at a little obscure inn, she was almost dead with fatigue. The next morning she was seized with a fever which continued to torment her better than three weeks. This exhausted her slender finances so much, that she had not quite a guinea to proceed. The apothecary however, who had attended her illness, could perceive through the gloom, which

strongly marked her features, the traces of a very agreeable countenance, which determined him to make proposals to her. He began, by informing her that he was a single man, and entreated her to take the management of his house upon herself. As he was not very explicit at first, she could not rightly comprehend whether he meant to take her as a house-keeper, or a wife; but he soon resolved her doubts by informing her that he had been a professed foe to matrimony all his life, and was resolved to die a bachelor. the truth is our apothecary, Mr. *Bolus* had been a woman hater all his life-time, but finding at the age of sixty-six, that he had but an uneasy kind of life, he determined to launch a little into libertinism, in order, if possible, to discover before he died if he had been always mistaken in his conjectures, concerning marriage and women. Mrs. *Drawl* was the first proper object he happened to meet after he had made this pious resolution. But she might with propriety have said to him,

The

The bloom of Beauty other years demands,
 Nor will be gather'd by such whither'd hands;
 You importune me with a false desire,
 Which sparkles out, but makes no solid fire;
 This impudence of age, whence can it spring,
 All you expect, and yet you nothing bring;
 Eager to ask, when you are past a grant,
 Nice in providing what you cannot want;
 Have conscience, give not her you love, this
 pain,
 Solicit not yourself, and her in vain;
 All other debts may compensation find,
 But love is strict and will be paid in kind..

But it was not now a time to be nice..
 Mrs. *Drawl* could not boast of a great deal
 of delicacy, yet delicacy itself will oftentimes
 submit to that mighty conqueror *Necessity*.
 She therefore, without hesitation, became su-
 perintendant of Mr. *Bolus's* domestic af-
 fairs, which office she found more difficult
 than she imagined it could possibly have
 been.

Mr.

Mr. *Bolus* from his having been all his life rusticated, by his unsocial disposition, and his never having conversed with the fair sex; who, it must be allowed, are the greatest softeners of manners, from his never having known the power of love, which

“Studious how to please, improves our parts,
“With polish’d manners, and adorns with
arts.”

From all these particulars he was of an un-conversible, surly disposition; capricious to the last degree; impatient even to fury, and scarce ever to be pleased. It may be easily imagined then, that Mrs. *Drawl* had but a miserable time of it. The only things to have given her relief was repentance, and reformation; but these were the only things she did not think of.

Things were in this situation when Mrs. *Drawl*, one day, received the following billet.

“Madam;

“ Madam,

“ There is a person waiting for you at
“ the White Hart, who has something to
“ communicate that may be of the utmost
“ advantage to you in future, if you can
“ possibly spare five minutes you will see

“ A Friend.”

This laconic billet greatly surprized her, as she could not recollect the hand. However, stimulated by curiosity, she determined to know its meaning. Mr. *Bolus* luckily happened to be out for the day. She slipped out, and upon enquiring at the White Hart for the person who had sent for her, was showed into a room, where she saw her husband. She was a statue; amazement benumb'd her limbs, froze up the current of her blood, and robbed every faculty of its use. Her amazement, in a short time, subsided into terror, she fainted away. The people of the house were called, who with the help of hartshorn and a great deal of trouble,

trouble, brought her to herself. She did not thank them for their care, death would have been more preferable than her recovery upon the present occasion.

The people retired, and a shower of tears came to her relief. All this time her husband had never once opened his lips to her. At length she ventured to look up, when the only consolation she received, was, a furious look and, *well Madam*, articulated with a voice of anger. She could not reproach him with unkindness; she felt she could not, her guilt flashed in her face; her heart smote her; conscience, that severe judge, held his galling mirror before her eyes, and she saw what she had never before seen: she saw herself. The sight shocked her; for instead of seeing herself, as she expected, beautiful and engaging, her form appeared all black and polluted; a prayer of sincerity escaped her in a heart felt sigh. She resolved on a virtuous course of life; the figure brightened up a little, and she was easier.

But,

But,

———It is our fate

To sin too early, and repent too late.

For Mr. *Drawl* had now conceived such an absolute aversion against his wife, that no future good behaviour could eradicate, or penitence atone for what she had done. He ordered a post chaise to be got ready, and without suffering her to return for her few cloaths, to Mr. Bolus's, or indeed to stir a minute from his presence, drove off towards London.

It may not be improper to say a few words concerning Mr. *Drawl*. Soon after his wife had left him, he heard of an estate which devolved to him as heir at law, from an old uncle, who happened to die without a will, or he never would have had a sixpence, for his uncle hated him most cordially. He took possession immediately, and his wife, soon after, being of age, he procured a certificate of their marriage, sued Mr. *Finnikin* for her fortune, and obtained a decree in his favour.

favour. Thus he became a man of ample means, and commenced fine gentleman.

A brother comedian passing through the town where Mr. *Bolas* resided, by chance saw Mrs. *Drawl*. Upon his arrival in London, he made it his business to inform her husband of her situation, and all he had heard in the neighbourhood concerning her, to which intelligence, by way of appendix, he was pleased to add a few spurious anecdotes of his own. This occasioned Mr. *Drawl's* journey to the place, and taking her off as above described.

During the whole journey he never once opened his lips to her, indeed he very often execrated the driver for a careless puppy, blamed the horses for not outstripping the winds, and when they stopped at any inn, he was sure to curse the liquor, abuse the waiters, and swear that the provisions were abominably bad. This was to shew his authority, and prove his gentility.

Mrs. *Drawl* dreaded his silence more than
the

the most furious resentment. She did not doubt but he intended to punish her severely ; but the uncertainty of her punishment made her almost distracted.

At length they stopped in a very dismal country, at a lone mansion-house, built in the gothic taste, old, and out of repair. They were introduced into a parlour, where *Drawl* left his wife, under a pretence of discharging the post chaise, but from that moment she never again saw him ; for intending to continue his journey without her, the chaise was stopped by two highwaymen, one of whom knew him, and had formerly received a particular injury from him. Upon recollecting his old enemy. After robbing him, he shot him through the head.

Mrs. *Drawl* soon found that she was in a private madhouse. The master bid her be of good cheer, for if she would consent to gratify his desires, she should be treated with all imaginable civility, but if on the contrary

trary she proved refractory, he enumerated the sufferings which awaited the obstinate in his infernal mansions.

So frail is the resolution of a woman, when she has once deviated into the paths of vice, that a menace soon changes it. Mrs. *Drawl's* late virtuous thoughts, all gave way before the idea of whips, chains, strait waistcoats, bread and water. She consented to a prostitution which her inclination at the same time abhor'd. Frail woman, what dependence is to be placed on thee !

When the master of the mad-house had gratified himself as much as he thought proper, he introduced to her acquaintance, one Mr. *Graspall*, a rich old merchant, whose peculiar taste in gallantry was for mad women. He lik'd her so well that he frankly offered to take her into keeping. To this proposition she readily consented; so much was her mind deprav'd, and her inclinations contaminated. Upon receiving a genteel present, the master agreed to let her go with
the

the merchant, nevertheless he intended to make Mr. *Drawl* pay for her board, the same as if she still remained with him, for he was pretty certain that he would never desire to see her. And when he heard of his death, he was perhaps the only one who was sorry for it. Before Mrs. *Drawl* quitted the frantic regions, the master gave her a necessary caution, that as the old gentleman was more fond of her upon the account of her supposed madness, than her beauty; she must still keep his opinion of her being a lunatic, by frequently playing mad pranks; for the moment he began to think her perfectly in her senses, he would turn her off as he had done several before, who had not wit enough to be mad for interest. She was punctual to her instructions, and found what little she knew of theatrical affairs of infinite service to her, as it enabled her to play her part to the life. The old gentleman was extremely fond of her, and indulged her very much. when she was taken with her pretended mad

fits,

fits, and broke him perhaps twenty pounds worth of china, he thought her the charmingest creature in the world, or when she tore a parcel of fine laces to pieces, he was quite in raptures, and would almost split his sides with immoderate laughter.

She had been with this old gentleman about two years, when he died and bequeathed to her a very genteel income. All that she wanted now was the character of a *virtuous woman*, without being at the trouble of divesting herself, of her *vicious inclinations*. She asserted her chastity in all companies, but in vain; her husband had exposed her to excuse himself; her hunting squire happened to meet her with some company in Vauxhall Gardens, where he made very free with her character, by telling all he knew with considerable additions, purely for a bit of fun as he phrased it, and her intrigue with the old merchant was generally known, together with his peculiar taste; so that her aiming to acquire the character,

rafter of a *virtuous woman* is universally
looked upon as a certain proof of her in-
sanity.



MEMOIRS

M E M O I R S

OF A

Right Honorable P U P P Y,

O R T H E

B O N T O N display'd ;

With Anecdotes of a

Rt. Hon. SCOUNDREL.

P A R T I.

*Beauty that shocks you, parts that give disgust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.*

I

TO THE
PEERS AND PEERESSES,
RIGHT HONORABLE
AND
HONORABLE,
AND THE
GENTRY IN GENERAL,
WHO ARE QUITE THE THING,
AS WELL AS THE
MEMBERS OF THE COTERIE.

THIS *ŒU D'ESPRIT*
IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED
BY THEIR FASHIONABLE
SERVANT,

DISSIPATION.

M E M O I R S

O F A

Right Honorable P U P P Y.

CHAPTER I.

The A C C I D E N T.

Oh John, John, I shall expire !

THIS was the exclamation of Lady *Leer*, upon the breaking down of her coach, about a stone's throw from Waltham-Crofs, on the London side.

However John stopped the horses, leaped from his box, and Lady *Leer* found herself upon her feet, without having received the least damage.

A sad affair John,

A very sad affair, an't, please your ladyship.

Well, this confirms me in the fatality of dreams. See if you can rectify what's amiss John. I dreamt that I was sitting in my chair *Clio* and it suddenly split in funder, when I fell, fell instantaniouſly; but catching hold of one leg of *Euterpe*, and being aſſiſted by *Urania*, I in a tragical plight gained *Melpomene*, and ruminating upon the occurrence, awoke; but we muſt ſubmit to fate, We are

Like ſhips on ſtormy ſeas without a guide,
Toſt by the winds, and driven by the tide.

Well John, how do matters ſtand?

An't please your ladyſhip, it will be impoſſible to ſet things to rights in leſs than three hours.

Unlucky that, but I muſt patiently ſubmit; I am deſervedly puniſhed, for I might have avoided this accident, by attending to what my dream predicted. *Clio* was certainly
typical

typical of my coach; *Euterpe* and *Urania* were symbols of John, and *Melpomene* appears expressive of the ground upon which I now stand, and ruminates in safety; be quick John. As for myself, I could only be meant by myself in the dream.

Heaven made us agents, free to good or ill,
And forc'd it not, tho' he foresaw the will;
Freedom was first bestow'd on human race,
And prescience only held the second place.
If he could make such agents wholly free,
I'll not dispute———

As John's reading had never extended beyond Jack the giant-killer, he was totally ignorant that his mistress had been only repeating some lines from Dryden's, *Cock*, and *Fox*; and began to dread that she was offended with him for his carelessness, therefore, with an apologizing face of gravity, hem'd out, an't please your ladyship, I cou'dn't help it 'pon oner madam I cou'dn't, and as for disputing with your ladyship,

H 3

I have

I have not been so long at service, but I know——

You misapprehend me John, it was not with you that I was disputing.——

John star'd about with all the eyes he had, to find the person with whom his mistress had refused to continue the altercation; but not perceiving any one near, he begun to be confirmed in an opinion that he had for some time entertained that his lady was a little touched in her brain; which misfortune, according to the immemorial custom of the vulgar, he ascribed to her having too much learning.

The lady was in a profound reverie.

John's countenance brightened up upon recollecting that lady *Pam* lived within a quarter of a mile of the place. The ladies were totally unacquainted with each other, but John knew that his mistress had an earnest desire to see lady *Pam*; because she had been informed that they resembled each other very much, they were besides related in a remote degree.

John

John informed his mistress of her being luckily so near lady Pam's place of residence.

She replied,

I'll write what ever time shall bring to pass,
With pens of adamant, on plates of brass.

John repeated his information three times before he could bring her to say,

What would you have John.

Another repetition gave her to understand the matter, and a handsome equipage that moment appeared.

The gentleman in the carriage perceiving the nature of the accident which had happened to the lady, politely begged her to command his carriage wherever she thought proper. She returned him thanks with such a profusion of rhapsodical phrases, that he was totally at a loss to comprehend her meaning.

This personage was no other than lord Fawn; he ordered one of his servants to remain by the lady's carriage, while John

fetch'd a person to repair the damage, and then enquired where the lady would please to be set down.

She informed him at lady Pam's.

At lady Pam's, said he with surprize, I am going to pay my respects to that lady myself.

Bless me, how congruous things happen : Well my lord, for I presume you are no less, give your orders as soon as you please.

“ Let the ground smoke beneath the flying
“ steeds.”

Away they whisk'd like lightening, and John was ordered to follow when the coach was mended.

The reader must have perceived by this time, that lady Leer was under the influence of a poetical phrenzy, her delirium had carried her so far, that she had named almost every piece of furniture in her house, after some god, goddess, hero, or heroine of harmonious memory. The nine muses and the three graces had furnished her with
names

names for a dozen chairs, her looking glass was Christen'd Apollo, and a large bookcase on the top of which stood the head of Virgil, and a Homer without a nose, was called Parmassus.

Lord Fawn's carriage stopt at lady Pam's door. The visitors were announced, and the ladies being equally desirous of seeing each other, were in a minute folded in as close a reciprocal embrace, as if they had been intimate from their infancy.

My dear, I am superlatively happy in this favour; you'll pardon me, my lord, but lady Leer's goodness in this visit is so immense, that I positively believe I shall not be able to speak a syllable for this month.

Dear lady Pam, the happiness is entirely on my side; such a celestial accident, if an accident of the same kind was always productive of such a felicity, I should entreat my stars to permit my coach to break down every day of my life.

But ladies, *said the* the nobleman.—

Excuse me my lord, I must entreat you to grant me permission to intrude so far on

your lordship's patience as not to lay myself under the odium of impoliteness, by a remissness in returning suitable thanks to lady Pam; but I am in such a flutter, that I positively conceive that I labour under the same predicament as your ladyship, for I really do not believe I shall be able to utter a single sentence till the sun has made another revolution; but beg your ladyship's fertile imagination will form the finest turn'd period that ever fancy wove, and think it a tribute paid by my respect to your superabundant merit.

But ladies——

My lord your pardon, I would wait upon your lordship immediately, but lady Leer is so ravishingly kind; so immensely polite; so enchantingly condescending, so, so, so; excuse me, my lord, I really have not the power of speech.——

Dear ladies do but hear me——

In good time my lord, but politeness in excess is a debt which demands instantaneous payment, and I am very punctual in keeping
ing

ing up my credit of decorum; therefore, dear lady Pam believe,—blefs me, how unfertile my genius is to day, I have not a thought worthy such excellence, nor an expression to convey my sense of your goodness, I'm stupid, absolutely dumb.

His lordship perceiving that while the ladies remained dumb, it was very probable they would not leave off talking all day, thought it expedient to retire.

Ladies, I humbly take my leave.

My lord, your most obedient; dear lady Pam, you've got a most enchanting monkey there. I humbly thank your lordship for—what's your monkey's name my dear—All your lordship's unparallel'd favors.

His name is Jacko my dear, adieu my lord, he's a divirting creature, I hope your lordship will let me see you again very speedily, poor Jacko, to *badiner* a little time away, poor Jacky, Jacky.

I'll do myself the pleasure of waiting upon your ladyship very soon. In the meantime, ladies, I kiss your hands.

Exit.

My

My lord—indeed your monkey, dear lady Pam is so ravishingly pretty, I could kiss him, I'll invent a poetical name for him, but pray what's that lord—

A suitor of mine, my dear; indeed! Jacko is a vulgar name, he shall be called Narcissus.

—Narcissus!

Yes Narcissus—for he's 'handsomer be-half than any of our modern beaus, but my dear are you fond of poetry.

I'm fond of painting my dear.

It's all the same, poetry and painting are sister arts, they both delineate the affections of the soul.

“ Once I beheld the fairest of her kind,
“ And still the bright idea charms my
“ mind.”

Enchanting!

“ True, she was dumb, for nature gaz'd so
“ long,
“ Pleas'd with her work, that she forgot a
tongue.

Celestial!

Celestial ! then you love painting, Lady Pam ?

Oh ! immensely, I'm a perfect Macaroni.

My dear lady Pam, how happy we shall be in the congeniality of our ideas. *At least his pictures look a voice ; look a voice,* inimitable ! Sir Francis Finephrase hit upon a thought, somewhat similar to this in a tender epistle, he once wrote to me ; he told me that *I had no occasion to speak, for my eyes glanced my meaning ;* and a little farther he says, *I could speak a look ;* but we were not designed for each other, I was cruel, extremely cruel ; was you ever cruel my dear ?

My dear lady Leer, can you entertain so mean a thought of my education, as to think me capable of being otherwise ; no my dear, I delight in cruelty, it's the very food of my soul. I was very near losing my life once, in attempting to mortify Miss Manly.

—As how my dear.

I'll tell you my dear, miss Manly was fond of hunting, she had a white riding habit,

habit, trim'd with silver, in which she was greatly admired. I had a much more elegant habit made in order to eclipse her, and tho' unacquainted with riding, mounted a fine hunter, but was thrown from it; and the wretch enjoyed my fall with the greatest satisfaction. The bruises, and vexation together, very near put an end to my existence; but thanks to youth and pride, I recovered and am, if possible, more cruel than ever.

At this moment, John drove the carriage into the yard, when his lady sent for him immediately.

So John, you've got the coach mended, I see.

Yes, an't please your ladyship, we've set matters to rights at last.

I'll tell you what I've been thinking John, as the accident was poetical, you for the future shall be called *Phaeton*.

Whatever your ladyship pleases.

Aye, you shall be called *Phaeton*, and my coach shall be called the *Chariot of the Sun*,
and

and the horses shall be *Apollo's* steeds. John could you fancy your horses had fiery manes.

Yes an't please your ladyship, if I saw their manes on fire.

Pshaw! the fellow's stupid, go down stairs and wait for orders.

John was happy to retire, as he dreaded nothing so much as his lady's poetical questions, who very frequently catechised him to the great wear of his patience.



CHAPTER. II.

THE

PROPHECY.

I Think, lady Pam, I was not misinform'd, we are really very much alike; indeed you have a trifling advantage over me with respect to beauty—looking over her shoulder towards the glass.

Dear lady Leer, do not sacrifice your merit to your politeness, nor give that to another which is so justly your own due. I am tolerable (primming) but it was given to you my dear, to be irresistable.

Excuse me my dear! you have the power to make your lovers slide.

Slide! slide! repeated lady Pam, who thought her visitor spoke rather sarcastically, and had connected with the word slide, an idea of her lovers slipping from her—slide.

Lady

Lady Leer perceiving her disorder, explained her meaning in a couplet.

“ Beauty like like ice, our footing does
“ betray.

“ Who can tread sure on the smooth slippery
“ way.”

This produced an he! he! he! with a distortion of the visible features to as great a degree as the precise rules of *politesse* permit, for every thing in high life is systematical, excepting the moral conduct, which is left to the guidance of whim and irregularity.

After the ladies had carried on a little farther the dispute to regulate the line of beauty, and each with the most polite humility, had given up her own pretensions with her lips to the other, tho she resum'd her gift in her heart, and really believed herself the handsomest woman existng, tea was rung for.

* * * *

Critic.

Critic.

But pray stop a minute.

Mr. Author, where the duce is your puppy all this time ?

Author.

Good Mr. Hasty, do but cast your eye towards lady Pam's lap, and you may perceive *Guido*, who has been more careffed and courted by the lovers of this lady, in order to obtain his mistress; than ever a statesman's pimp was to gain the ear of his master, tho' he always wished in his heart, if a dog can wish; that they had all been at the devil for their kindness.

Just as our critic missed *Guido*, lady Leer found him; for the before-mentioned nobleman popping into the ladies heads, lady Leer turn'd her eyes mechanically upon our puppy.

You've got a pretty dog there my dear ?

Yes my dear, beauties are universally allowed him; he's an engaging creature, and really has some sentiment.

—Indeed

— Indeed!

I'll assure you, some of his notions are very delicate. There is lady Squander, who you know passes for a wit, but who is in reality no better than a fool; had the impertinence one day to attempt to prove that one half of the paintings bought for originals, are only vile copies; that very few of those who pretend to be virtuosos can distinguish the different manner of masters; that the Maccaroni club consisted of nothing but fools, and a thousand other impertinent pieces of nonsense; when my dear Guido began to bark and yelp in such a manner, that he absolutely stopped my gentleman's insolent volubility, which, together with my contemptuous behaviour, obliged him to retire with confusion.

Sensible creature! you surely have a great value for him.

Oh! my love for him is inconceivable? he's the dearest, sweetest, loveliest ***** Here she caressed him with such extatic tenderness, and squeez'd him with such raptures,

tures, that her inconceivable love put him to inconceivable pain, and he yelped to a fine tune, which plainly demonstrated, that if he had not sentiment he had at least sensation. This excited compassion in the breast of lady Leer, and brought tears into the eyes of lady Pam.

When the lady's sorrow had subsided, lady Leer enquired the meaning of the manner in which a blue ribband was placed about the dog, for it passed beneath his belly, between the two fore legs; and over his shoulders, and round one of his hind legs was a piece of gilt leather.

Oh my dear, cried lady Pam, Guido's a knight; it is but a short time since I had him installed, with great pomp I'll assure you in our large hall, and let me tell you my dear, he sustained the honor with becoming decency.

Pray of what order is he knight?

Oh, my dear, the order of the painted gallery; but I've got some pretty anecdotes of

(165)

him which I wrote down for my own amusement; since you'll remain with me to night, I'll read them to amuse you.

My dear, you will oblige me infinitely.



MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS

OF A

Right Honourable PUPPY,

O R

Anecdotes of GUIDO,

“ GUIDO is descended from a family
“ “ as ancient and renowned as any
“ the four footed race can boast of. The
“ first of his ancestors, I shall notice is
“ Towzer, a large bull dog, belonging to
“ cardinal Wolsey, when he was only a
“ butcher.”

You smile my dear, perhaps you think it
impossible for a butcher to become a minister
of state.

Excuse

MEMOIRS

Excuse me lady Pam, I had no such thought I will assure you, for I have heard that some ministers of state have turn'd butchers of late years. I smiled to think what a great rough ancestor poor Guido had, but pray my dear proceed.

“ Towzer fell passionately in love with
 “ Miss Sleek, a bitch belonging to king
 “ Henry the eighth, their nuptials, for they
 “ were regularly married, were productive
 “ of a fine puppy named Sly, and many a
 “ tit bit did Sly run away with while other
 “ dogs were foolishly contesting the matter;
 “ his political schemes helped him to par-
 “ tridges and pheasants in plenty. From Sly
 “ a train of statesmen, regularly succeeded
 “ each other to the days of Oliver Cromwell,
 “ when one of Sly's successors named
 “ *Scare'em*, who belonged to that able gene-
 “ ral, barked loudly in the cause of liberty;
 “ nay, he could distinguish with so much sa-
 “ gacity, that if any person in his presence
 “ dared even to mutter a syllable in praise of
 “ prerogative, he was sure to have a bite of
 “ the

“ the leg, so that many abused the king
 “ against their consciences in order to pre-
 “ serve their skins whole. Richard Crom-
 “ well, the pusillanimous son of Oliver, had
 “ a bitch named Placid, upon whose body
 “ *Scare’em* begat *supple*, who afterwards,
 “ upon the restoration of Charles the se-
 “ cond, appertained to that monarch. *Sup-*
 “ *ple* was married to a very honourable
 “ bitch, but not having any puppies by
 “ her, he gave himself up to the intrigues
 “ of the court. It was the fault of the li-
 “ centious age in which he lived; however,
 “ an amorous slip has never been looked
 “ upon in a dishonourable light; nay, at
 “ present it is esteemed perfectly honour-
 “ able. From one of *Supple’s* private amours,
 “ my dear Guido is descended; nor can it
 “ be a stain upon a *Right Honourable Puppy*
 “ to descend from a bye blow, when some
 “ *Right honourable D——s* owe existence
 “ to the same source. Guido’s family have
 “ since had great honors conferred upon
 “ them, for according to the old proverb,
 “ luck generally attends B——ds. And I
 “ received

“ received Guido himself from the hands
“ of a silly P—— of the B——, as a re-
“ compence for some signal secret services.
“ Thus have I explained the family and no-
“ ble connections of the sweetest and best
“ tempered puppy existing.”

Having concluded her narrative, she again
caressed Guido with great affection, who re-
turned her kindness with a severe bite of the
finger, and then scoured off for the greater
security of his person, yelping all the way as
if it had been himself that suffered. What
with his noise, and the lady's screaming, the
house was in fine confusion. After lady
Pam had danced about the room, and
screamed for about ten minutes, she thought
proper to faint away, as a lady of fashion
never preserves a proper decorum in afflic-
tion without recollecting this most essential
manœuvre.

While the servants were busy about lady
Pam, lady Leer was thundering for John.

John at length appeared.

I.

Where

Where have you been John all this time.

No where an't please your ladyship.

You must prepare a horse with all possible speed, then to go somewhere.

Yes an't please your ladyship.

Yes an't please your ladyship, why the fellow's stupid, would you go without your message—you must be as expeditious as possible, you see poor lady Pam is almost expiring, and I don't think they will be able to recover her till you return—let me see, what was I going to say—oh, you'll be as quick as possible—I bid you get a horse saddled immediately, did I not?

Yes your your ladyship, I will go and get it done immediately.

Where is the fool hurrying, stay and take your message with you, I did not tell you what to go for, did I?

No an't please your ladyship.

No? then where could the simpleton be running, I protest you are as tumultuous as Æolus, when you ought to be as calm as Zephyrus; you must saddle a horse I tell you,

you, and when that is done, mount it, do you hear me?

Yes, your ladyship.

Yes, then don't stand kicking your legs about, and biting the corner of your hat in that manner, but mind what I say to you; when you have mounted the horse, as I gave you the name of Phæton, you must imitate him in expedition, for the lady is positively dying, though you must be careful not to make like him more haste than good speed, and flounder in the Po——

No your ladyship, there is no great danger of that, the roads are not muddy.

Incorrigible animal, be silent? the roads not muddy, what unnatural and ridiculous ideas the fool has; but mind me, you must make what haste you can to London, and do you mind me.

Yes, your ladyship.

Yes a fiddlestick, cannot you hold your tongue, and take notice of what I say? when you get to London, you must tell *Clytemnestra*——

I 2

I don't

I don't know any such gentleman, an't please your ladyship.

Egregious blockhead, be silent; I don't know any such gentleman truly; why stupidity itself realized it's no gentleman, but my waiting woman Molly. You must tell her to look into *Agamemnon's* right eye, and send me a small thumb vial, which she'll find there, for nothing else will be efficacious towards the recovery of this lady.

Now it may not be amiss to inform the reader, that the right eye of *Agamemnon* was a drawer on the right hand side of a cabinet, which lady Leer had dignified with that regal appellation, and named the several drawers after the features of the face according to their disposition and situation.

It may likewise be proper to account for John's long absence, upon his lady's calling for him, which will explain where a person has been, when he has been no where, as John told his mistress; for why may not a peasant as easily have been no where, as a prince find no body by but himself.

John

John then having cast a liquorish eye upon one of the maids, had followed her into the coal-hole, and began to take some freedoms which the greatest and most rigid moralists have never been able to prove unnatural, tho' John himself related this circumstance to me. He owned he could not inform me whether the girl blushed, because it was too dark for him to perceive those sanguine signs of grace; but if silence in a young woman, is a mark of modesty, as some sagacious persons affirm, he protested that she was the most modest girl he ever met with—but be that as it may—when lady Leer called, John was in a situation so precisely critical, that it was next to an impossibility for him to render an immediate obedience to the voice of his mistress; besides John was not one of your self-denying philosophers, but a poor ignorant fellow, who would rather loose some certain places than some certain pleasures.

As soon as John was departed to fetch the medicine from *Agamemnon's* right eye, lady Pam recovered; and lady Leer was lo

loquacious and warm in her congratulations, that she had very near made her faint in earnest.

Lady Pam now began to enquire the reason of her visitors journey, and whither she was bent. Which enquiry was productive of the following narration.

“You must know my dear, that I’m a very odd creature, immensely whimsical; I love dearly to pry into futurity, but am frightened to death with almost every thing I discover. If I could make things happen according to my wish, I should be the happiest creature existing; but when I want a thing to happen one way, I find a prediction informing me, that it shall happen another; which you know my dear is enough to give one the spleen.

But sometimes, when I have a great inclination to do what I should not, I never once consulted the stars, for fear they should forbid me; and then the worst is I have generally been wrong. What a charming thing it would be if one could always enjoy one’s wishes, and follow one’s inclinations, and yet
never

never suffer for it. Nay I think it ought to be so according to the poet.

Hard state of life, since fate-fore knows my will,

Why am I not ty'd up from doing ill.

Why am I trusted with myself at large,

Since that's more able to sustain the charge ;

Since angels fell, whose strength was more than mine ;

'Twould shew more grace, my frailty to confine ;

For knowing the success, to leave me free,

Excuses that and yet supports not me.

Here lady Pam interrupted to inform her, that it was totally impossible for a pretty woman to be wrong; and that a woman had nothing to do but to fancy she was right in order to be effectually so. Lady Leer promised to adopt her maxims as they seemed] to be replete with the greatest conveniences; and then continued her narration.

One day I found a paper in one of *Agamemnon's* cheeks; my cabinet my dear,

which must have come there miraculously, for I always keep it locked, and take care of the key myself; and my woman, to whom I have given the poetical name of *Clytemnestra*, swore by the river *Styx* upon her knees, that she knew nothing of the matter; the paper run thus. But remember my poetical name is *Celinda*.

A P R O P H E C Y.

“ *Celinda* will be unfortunate in her nuptials, unless the torch of Hymen lights her to *Torrismond*, who is the only person destined to make her happy. If she does not see him, it will be her own fault. He will be the fourteenth day from the receipt of this prophecy, in the bulwark of the head of a beast fam’d for swiftness between the two horns.”

Now my dear, this prophecy being to me totally unintelligible, rendered me almost distracted; I read it backwards and forwards, and every way, but could make nothing

thing of it. It was impossible to explain it literally, and I could not possibly penetrate into the allegorical meaning ; nay, my uneasiness render'd me so remiss, that I forgot a fortune-teller who lived near me, and was a relation of my *Clytemnestra*. This ingenious gentleman had many times solv'd my doubts, and given me a why and a wherefore upon fundry occasions ; besides he was the best fortune teller I ever met with, for tho' he hath told me my fortune twenty times over, he never told me the same thing twice ; so that if the stars were in an ill humour one time they were sure to be in a good humour at another ; to this person I applied, and the next day he sent me this explanation of the prophecy.

EXPLANATION.

“ The place signified in the prophecy is
 “ the castle of Hertford, the saxon word
 “ from which Hertford derives its name is
 “ expressive of a hart, a beast fam'd for
 “ its swiftness. The bulwark of the head

“ which stands between the horns is the ca-
 “ stle; for the town being in form of the
 “ head of a horned animal, or the roman
 “ letter Y, and the castle situated between
 “ the two horns, it can mean no other
 “ place. The name of *Torrismond*, is pro-
 “ bably the adopted or poetical name of the
 “ person mean’t.”

You may be sure my dear, this inge-
 nious explanation made me happy. I
 immediately order’d my coach and was
 posting thither, in order to be upon the
 spot on the critical day, and to have time
 to introduce myself to the acquaintance
 of the person to whom the castle belongs.
 However, I am indebted to the prophe-
 cy, if it was only for being the cause of
 procuring me your agreeable company.

And if you should meet with the person
 pointed at in the prophecy, would you
 marry him my dear?

Oh yes, we must submit to fate you
 know lady Pam; but as I shall be sure of
 him, for he can no more act against the will
 of

of his stars than myself, I'll use him immoderately ill; for I think it the most delightful amusement in life to use a lover like a dog that doats upon one to distraction. Believe me, my dear lady Pam, I've occasioned the death of four already.

How unfortunate have I been to have had only one lover die upon my account; indeed his death gave me a deal of uneasiness, for he hanged himself; if he had been run through the body by a rival or had shot himself through the head, I should not have been concern'd; but to have a lover hang himself frets one because its vulgar. But how did yours die?

Why I played off two of them with so much spirit against each other, that they were mad with jealousy, fought a duel, and both fell. A third I fairly fretted to death, and the other shot himself through the head. If I could but kill a dozen, I should be supremely happy.

My dear, cried lady Pam, you are already on the road to happiness. I envy your triumphs.

CHAP.

CHAPTER. III.

THE
ATTACHMENT.

SUPPOSE my dear, said lady Pam,
we profess a *violent attachment* to each
other.

That will render my life a continual scene
of extasy, my dear, cried lady Leer, I'm
fond to excess of a violent attachment; let
us be eternal and unchangeable friends from
this moment.

" One fate, one fame, one faith shall both
" attend,

" My life's companion, and my bosom
" friend."

A close embrace sealed the stipulation;
and a *violent attachment* commenced in a
moment.

I have

I have a little bagatella in my pocket book, said Lady Leer, on friendship, it was wrote by the spark that I mentioned I fretted to death. I told him I never would give him a smile, till he delineated friendship poetically; he was but nineteen years of age, an elder brother, though my dear, and really, now and then, had some feeling notions, but rather antiquated. It was inscribed to the Angelic Celinda:

On FRIENDSHIP.

Celestial maid, since urg'd by your desire,
To portray friendship, that Ætherial fire;
Excuse the faults, I blindly may commit,
And let the will absolve the want of wit.

Hail! sacred friendship, passion most refin'd,
Angelic rapture of the human mind;
Two hearts united by true friendship's bond,
Spurn selfish views, and to excess are fond;
Superior

Superior to the thoughts of selfish fear,
 Unless for those to whom such love they
 bear ;
 They'd for each other gladly undergo,
 The deep extremity of human woe:
 But now alas ! few souls give friendship
 birth,
 We scarce retain the sacred name on earth ;
 Such love, Achilles to Patrocles bore,
 Which he as warmly did again restore ;
 Nor lov'd Orestes his Pylade less,
 Both lov'd alike, for both were in excess.
 But I, fair maid, am victim to its law,
 And entertain the passion which I draw.
 Believe me diffident, yet just and true,
 And let me, fairest maid, my friendship
 place on you.
 Then try your power, my deeds will plainly
 prove,
 The quick transition, friendship makes to
 love;
 If I'm too bold, your pity may excuse,
 What your bright charms resistlessly pro-
 duce;

If

If you condemn me, still I must implore,
 Leave to admire, and freedom to adore.

Dorimont.

Poor Dorimont, he wanted nothing but
 sublimity, sublimity is the life of poetry;
 how admirable is that line of Blackmore's.
 "And the sun's beams do fry the ocean back."
 Nay, I may call it inimitable, to make the
 bed of the sea a frying-pan, when the fish
 from the little sprat to the huge whale are
 fried in their own element by a fire above
 them.

Lady Pam thinking herself indebted to
 the object of her new attachment, for point-
 ing out and producing such beauties, ima-
 gined she was bound in duty to furnish some
 part of the mental entertainment. She ran
 and fetched the portrait of an Egyptian
 mummy, which she said was painted by
Nicholas Poussin, and begged her to observe
 the glow of the colouring; the greatness of
 the idea; the sublimity of the expression;
 the chastity of the disposition; the perfection
of

of the drapery; and a thousand more things according to the cant of the sons of virtue. And though it was a dead design of a dead mummy, she entreated her to take notice of the sensibility of the features, and the life which beam'd forth from the eyes, concluding that upon the whole, the piece was inimitable.

To which lady Leer echoed with the addition of the word *immense*.

After a short pause, lady Leer pressed the hand of lady Pam, telling that she would entrust her with a most invaluable secret, no less than the sight of a picture of her own composition.

Bless me, said lady Pam, are you fond of painting too——

Oh yes my dear; but I never paint but in black and white.

In black and white my dear, you cannot then possibly command a sufficient variety.

Excuse me, my dear, the greatest variety imaginable is at the command of black and white. I never paint upon canvas; I draw all

all my characters upon paper, and will show you a production of mine, which a lady of your taste must doubtless esteem inimitable; at least your partiality will decide greatly in my favor.

T H E P A L A C E of T A S T E,

E Merging from obscurity to fame,
I'll battle critics in my real name;
Above Apollo's glorious beams I'll shine,
And on refin'd, refinement's self refine;
For votaries of taste, I'll form a creed,
And make high taste be deem'd high taste
indeed;
Higher ten thousand times than eagles soar,
And fly where mortals never flew before.

But——

Here came John to inform his lady that he had forgot the cramp name she mentioned, when she sent him for the small vial.

As

As the information withdrew their attention from the *Palace of Taste*, they had time to look about the room, when to the inconceivable grief of lady Pam, and loss of the learned, *Jacko*, the handsome monkey, had made rather free with Pouffin's Egyptian mummy, and destroyed that sublimity of idea, and chastity of disposition which were deemed inimitable. Lady Pam flew to the rescue of the fragments, and lady Leer, in the violence of her attachment, ran to assist her friend; when *Guido*, who was not fond of idleness, paid his respects to the *Palace of Taste*, which she had drop'd through the careless eagerness of her friendship.

As they both had much malice in their hearts, each was happy in the other's misfortune, though inconsolable for her own. However, they lamented in conjunction, very cordially; when a servant informed lady Pam of lord Fawn's arrival. Now my dear lady Leer, cried lady Pam, as you were pleased to doubt my disposition to cruelty, though I doat upon his lordship, you shall see me treat him in as cavalier a manner

ner as any woman in the British dominions, if you will just step into that antichamber and listen.

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE-A-LA-MODE.

AFTER a few cursory compliments had passed; the following polite dialogue ensued.

Lord Pawn,

Dear lady Pam? when I first saw you, you are sensible I did not court you after the vulgar mode of a mechanic, by proposing marriage. No, I thought you handsome enough to be a mistress, and offered you a genteel settlement, to surrender upon honourable terms; for as I hope to be cuckolded by a prince of the B——I did not imagine you were so happy, with regard to pecuniary

pecuniary affairs, as you really are; but since I find you are not under a necessity of running a fair game, and treating upon honorable terms, I must edge in, and hang out the matrimonial flag.

Lady Pam.

My lord, you are extremely polite, and I should certainly have taken you upon the score of the Bon Ton; but I fear'd you would have tyrannized over me, if I consented to be your mistress. But you know if we marry it is your place to submit.

Lord Fawn.

Doubtless my lady, it is certainly the business of a husband to submit, a woman's power, like her charms, should be unbounded.

Lady Pam.

And yet my lord, it's hard trusting to men—for some men are such brutes, that they use their mistresses like slaves, and treat their wives in such an egregious manner,
that

that some silly people would be inclin'd to think it was the duty of a wife to be obedient.

Lord Fawn.

They must be silly people indeed, who could fancy any such thing—however, you'll find me a very obedient Husband.

Lady Pam.

Well my lord, you know a certain wit said——

- “Horses and asses we're allow'd to try,
- “And sound suspected vessels e're we buy;
- “Women a random choice, untry'd we
- “take,
- “We dream in courtship, and in wedlock
- “wake.
- “Then, not till then, the veil's remov'd
- “away,
- “And all the woman glares in open day.”

Then if these sarcastical strokes are true
my

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my lord, I hope we have the same right to try your sex before hand.

Lord Fawn.

By all means dear madam, (with a melting tone of libidinous assent, as he misunderstood the lady's meaning.)

By all means, nothing but what is extremely reasonable.

Lady Pam.

Then I'll prior to the tying the indissoluble knot, exact a proof of your obedience, have you ever heard of *Sebastiano Conca*?

Lord Fawn.

No madam, I cannot say I have, or at least my memory betrays me——

Lady Pam.

Dear me, why he was born at *Gaetta* in the year 1676, and died in the year 1764.

Lord Fawn.

Very possible madam, but I cannot say that I recollect any thing of the affair.

Lady

Lady Pam.

Well, that's amazing? why he was a celebrated painter.

Here the peer began to tremble.

He studied under *Luca Gordiano*, in his youth, and afterwards in the school of *Solimeni*. A certain author says, that he introduced great richness in his pictures, and perhaps studied more to please from the brilliancy, than solidity of his compositions. Now my lord, you must know, that a certain painter in the city of Rome hath a certain picture painted by this very individual *Conca*, or *Sebastiano Conca*; the subject is a silly boy killing a butterfly. Now as I shall never be happy till I am possessed of that inimitable composition, I must insist ere hymen sees us united, that you make a journey to Rome, discover the painter, and purchase the piece, at whatever price is affixed to it.

Lord

Lord Fawn.

Consider, dear lady Pam, what cruelty it will be to banish me so long, as a journey of that kind will take from your delightful presence, let us first be joined and then we can go in search of the piece in conjunction.

Lady Pam.

Nay, my lord, stand to your promise, make no remonstrance, either drop the negotiation, or submit to the conditions prescribed; besides you ought to esteem such a journey a great happiness, as you have never been in Italy, for you'll have an opportunity of viewing the works of the greatest masters, and improving your taste infinitely, which I'll assure you, will not be your least recommendation in my favor.

The nobleman finding it in vain to entreat or persuade, was obliged to submit, and promised to set off for Italy the next morning, as he did not care, by refusing a little trouble, to lose so favourable an opportunity of recruiting his finances, which were
rather

rather out of repair through an immoderate pursuit of diamonds, hearts, spades and clubs.

Lord Fawn retired——

Lady Leer appeared, and greatly commended her friend's manner of teaching a husband submission before marriage, which she remarked would enable him to practise the better after.

You are perfectly in the right, Lady Leer, the creatures should be taught their duty.

Certainly my dear, we were born for prerogative and pleasure only.

Two principles the female sex obey,
The love of pleasure and the love of sway.

But do you really love this male thing my dear.

Oh yes, I love him because my friends have spoken against him, and done all in their power to prevent his visits; but as I'm independent in my circumstances, I'll be the

K

fame

same in my inclinations, if I suffer for it. An argument against any thing is to me an argument in its favor—for obstinacy is a delicious thing to a woman of spirit. I wou'd sooner marry a devil, in contradiction to those who pretend to prescribe to me than an angel with their approbation—The most most sublime pleasure is to do what we please ourselves, not what other people would have us. The only way to make me do a thing is to persuade me not to do it.

That my dear is a piece of finesse, by which I was once very near suffering.—An artful uncle took the advantage of my disposition, which he well knew, by attempting to persuade me against an alliance with a man I never intended to have; his arguments alarmed my pride, and I was upon the point of marrying the hideous creature, purely out of contradiction, when I discovered my uncle's treachery, and avoided in time, the impending ruin.

You know my dear, the *Jupiter* in *Amphytrion*, says,

I gave them beauty to subdue the strong,
 A mighty empire; but it lasts not long.
 I gave them pride, to make mankind their
 slaves.

And when beauty is detracted, I hope we
 shall, through pride, continue them our
 slaves. But Mr. *Jupiter* forgot to mention
 obstinacy, the greatest and most substantial
 perfection of the human mind.



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MEMOIRS

OF A

Rt. Honourable PUPPY,

PART II.

CHAPTER. V.

The INTERVIEW.

From Lady Leer, to Lady Pam,

Dear Auristella,

FOR that's the poetical name I have after mature deliberation fixed upon for you. Congratulate me, congratulate me, sing twenty *Io Peans* for me; I have seen the dear predestinated angelic man, Oh!

“ He's

“ He’s all that painting can express,
 “ Or youthful poets fancy when they love.”

Who do you think it is my dear, upon my reputation you’ll never guess, I never saw him before, nor you neither I believe. It’s the young earl of Smockington, just returned from his travels? My dear I’m rapt, in elizium, I’m as happy as a seraph, but I may be yet happier; enchanting thought. But to proceed regularly, and to tell you the beginning, middle, and end of things in order.

After I left you, I arrived safe at Hertford, and took possession of the lodgings I had pre-engaged, they are very neat, and sufficiently convenient.

Upon enquiry, I found that the castle was turned into a boarding school, I was happy in the intelligence, because I knew it would facilitate my introduction.

I dressed and repaired to the place.

The master is an odd mortal, my dear, you’ll smile at the manner of my reception.

K 3 As

As he has the gout very bad, when he is once fixed in his chair of authority, he is immoveable the whole day ; so that his desk serves him to write upon, eat upon, and nap upon when he's drowsy. He hath often taught the boys while he was stuffing himself with meat, to rail against it in the language of Pythagoras.

Oh ! impious use to nature's laws oppos'd,
Where bowels are in other bowels clos'd ;
Where fatten'd by their fellows fat they
thrive,
Maintain'd by murder, and by death they
live.

If man with fleshy morsels must be fed,
And chew with bloody teeth the breathing
bread ;
What else is this, but to devour our guests,
And barbarously renew Cyclopean feasts ?

I was therefore conducted into the school room. Mr. Methodus received me while he was teaching, and paid an equal attention to me and his scholars.

Madam

Madam, your servant,

The regimen of verbs may be distributed,
into three classes.

Pray madam be seated.

The first class is that of verbs personal.

What may have procur'd the honor of
this visit, Madam.

You blockhead, keep your tongue silent]
and mind me.

I replied, I have a relation, a pretty child,
whom I intend to put out to board, and
having heard your care and assiduity greatly
commended, I am come to settle the terms.

Madam, you honor me extremely.

The second class is verbs impersonal, and
I hope I shall give you as much satisfaction
as any master from the Thames to the
Tweed.

The third class is that of the infinitive
participles, gerunds and supines.

My *Torismond* at this moment enter'd, I
knew it was him by one of the boys saluting
him by that name, he bowed to me.

He makes a sweet bow, and has a more agreeable smile than any man in Europe.

I shall be a happy creature, for I'm sure of him, you know the stars must be obeyed.

I'm called to dinner, adieu my dear Auristella. I'll write to you again soon.

Adieu,

your inviolably attached,

Celinda.

It may not be improper now, to give some account of the earl of *Smackington*; he was the younger son of a very noble, but very poor family, and by his repeated extravagancies, had reduced himself to a very low ebb.

He had in the course of his criminal pursuits debauched lady Leer's Clytemnestra, who on the decline of his circumstances was obliged to embrace the situation in which the reader found her. She soon discovered

discovered her lady's weakness, and inform'd her lover of it, who determined to avail himself of her superstition, by making her believe that he was the man destined to be her husband, which would render it next to impossible to lose her, as she was totally independent.

He carried on his operations by means of Clytemnestra's brother, who personated a fortune teller, and found means to insinuate himself greatly into the lady's favour, by playing upon her passions in the most artful manner, and frequently flattering her inclinations.

He chose Hertford castle for the scene of action, on account of the romantic situation, and a kind of friendship which subsisted between the pedagogue and himself, but he shall speak for himself, and relate his operations in the first person.

*To John Crafty, Professor of Physick and
Astrology, in Swallow-street, St. James's.*

Dear Jack,

THE train has happily caught, I am in
a fair way to blow up the outworks,
and hope soon to be in possession of the
town.

Upon my arrival at Hertford, I had a
difficulty to encounter, which I never ex-
pected; that old dog pretended to have
what the devil himself never could suspect
he would ever think of assuming—con-
science, and began to load me unmercifully
with maxims of left handed wisdom from the
ancients; nay, he told me he would under-
take to prove grammatically, that I was
going to act contrary to the strict rules of
propriety, and logically that I intended to
fly in the face of reason; but I had that
about me Jack, that was too many for him;
I clap'd ten guineas into his hand, his
features

features untwisted, his brow cleared up, *Seneca*, *Epiſtetus* and *Plutarch*, took to their heels, and have never appeared ſince, and he ſagaciouſly found that my conduct was exactly conſonant to the rules of grammar, and the ſyllogiſm of logic.

You ſee Jack the power of money, it is wiſer than all the philoſophers; then muſt not I be deemed a wiſe man for purſuing it with ſo much affiduity?

The prophecy ſucceeded, ſhe came accordingly.

She is really a very agreeable woman in perſon, and would be every way charming, if ſhe could contrive to loſe her affectation. But that's not neceſſary at preſent, I would not have her be too agreeable, it is not my buſineſs to fall in love, for I'm certain, was I to feel a tenderneſs, my conduct would not conform to the ſtrict rules of grammatical propriety.

The thouſand pounds I borrowed of old, *Gripe*, will be of infinite ſervice. If I ſucceed, a fig for the intereſt, if not, he's welcome

come to make sure of my sureties, for I've positively more friendship for myself, than any other person existing; besides, the loss of the money will be a gain to them. It will teach them never to be too credulous again; the fellows must be fools, they knew the nature of my life and conversation, they knew I had been bread at court, they were sensible I had kept company with most of the right honorable and honorable scoundrels in the kingdom; how the devil then came they to fancy me honest?—— But no more of this——

If I am not mistaken, I shall have a considerable deal of trouble with this fantastical lady yet, I shall have a legion of whims to encounter with, and a whole phalanx of prejudices to overcome; but if I get her, matrimony will salve all sores, and after marriage, she shall pay for her tricks before hand. So the fewer she entertains me with, the less will she have to suffer hereafter.

I am a great favourite among the boys, as I am their grand fruit and gingerbread merchant,

merchant, I wish I was guardian to a good dozen of them, I'd take care they should never have it in their power to become spendthrifts.

I instructed the boys to call me *Terrismond*. After she had been with the old gentleman about ten minutes, I entered the school as if accidentally. One of the boys mentioned my name, I mean my poetical name.

It struck her, she was scarlet up to the ears.

The pretty creature was very ingenuously engaged in telling a hundred and fifty lyes, in order to get a sight of my sweet person; I'll return her thanks in good time.

I hope by what I have seen, that I shall have wit enough to out-wit her, when she will prove a true martyr to a religious observance of the codes of superstition.

As you will have a finger in the pye Jack, pray to what saint you please for the success of

Smockington.

CHAP.

CHAPTER VI.

The POETASTER.

Lady Leer, to Lady Pam.

Lovely Auristella.

I Shall now resume my subject again ; but where did I leave off ? I protest I've forgot ; I'm bewilder'd with an excess of rapture ; but it don't signify much, all that I shall say, will be about that angelic man, my predestinated husband.

I din'd at the school next day, he has an infinity of wit, and is extremely degagé in conversation. My heart palpitated the whole time ; his eyes are like diamonds ; I believe my *Phæton* John must roll us together to your house. If he desires to accompany me I shan't refuse him, it will be
time

time enough to be cruel my dear, adieu,
your

Celinda.

*The Earl of Smockington to John Crafty,—
in Swallow—*

Dear Jack,

SHE was here yesterday; the old sentence monger and haberdasher of syllables persuaded her to dine with us, she is in fact much more ridiculous than I could have conceived by your sister's description of her; I shall hate her abominably, but it don't matter, you know to hate a wife is fashionable.

I wanted to insinuate myself farther into her good opinion by a piece of poetry, but I could not hammer any thing out of my brain, which I judged sufficiently ridiculous to suit her taste.

Pshaw, I'm disturb'd.

However, I found out a hackney poet, whose muse seemed calculated to gain her approbation,

approbation, and have obtained a composition sufficiently absurd.

I am,

yours, &c.

Smockington.

CHAPTER VII.

The DILEMMA.

Lady Leer, to Lady Pam.

Dear Auristella,

THE inimitable creature has wrote to me, in poetry too; and such poetry as is worthy of Apollo himself, he is softer than Sir John Suckling, and smother than Namby Pamby Phillips.

But

But you'll have the pleasure of seeing him soon, he's a charming creature; he offered to accompany me to London, we shall call upon you in our way.

Preserve your violent attachment, mine is as strong as ever, and will continue so, even after I am married.

I hope the dog and the monkey are well, poor *Guido*, poor *Narcissus*. In the immensity of my bliss, I forgot to enquire after their welfare in my former letters.

My lord, in a casual conversation informed me, that about three years ago, he was told by a sage, who appeared to him in a vision, that he should never be happy if united to any other person than a lady who had assumed the name of *Celinda*—there's for you my dear, confirmation of the prophecy. I must have him, but I must tease him a little too first, he'll love me the better for it afterwards.

Suppose my dear, upon lord Fawn's return, you marry him, and we four will constitute a *coterie* of our own; I love *coteries* dearly, I wish there were a thousand in England;

England; I'd do nothing but travel round the country to them all.

But I kiss your hands.

Celinda.

The Earl of Smockington to John Crafty.

Dear Jack,

I Write to you from lady Pam's—lady Leer and lady Pam pretended to have a violent attachment for each other; ha, ha, ha, female friendship Jack. When a female reposes her secrets in the breast of one of her own sex, how secure must the cabinet be which every man can unlock.

Friendship and the philosopher's stone are much talked of, but I believe never found.

Lady Pam looks very kindly upon me, egad Jack, I believe I could dissolve this violent

violent attachment with a great deal of ease; for women take a pleasure in being deceitful in general, and of triumphing over each other in particular. It would to a lady of fashion be as sublime an enjoyment to break the heart of one of her female acquaintance, as to see two lovers fall in a duel upon her account.

yours,

Smockington.

Several letters here followed each other, from earl of Smockington, as he thought proper to call himself, to John Crafty, which I shall present in the order, in which they were wrote.

LETTER

LETTER I.

Dear Jack,

LADY Leer is dangerously ill, she was taken so last night, I am anxious for the event, she sent for me last night, I flew on the wings of doubt, I was in hopes she wanted to die a married woman; however I was too sanguine in my expectations. She only killed me with scraps of verse, in praise of resignation, in order to prove her fortitude.

She has sent for me again—

I must go.

I have seen her, she told me she was going to prove her gratitude for my attachment to her person. My heart beat an alarm of joy, I fancied she was going to make her will, and leave me a considerable sum; I whimpered to put her in a humour if possible, to improve upon her intentions,

tions, and enlarge her bounty, nay, I put my handkerchief to my eyes, and——

“ Wip’d away the tear I did not shed.”

But I was horridly taken in, she indeed gave me something, and recommended it strenuously to my care, it was nothing better than her nonsensical writings, which she desired I would, after her death; publish in the correctest manner; the disappointment has fretted me so, that I must leave off, and remain yours,

Smockington.

LETTER II.

Dear Jack,

SHE grows worse and worse, if she slips into the other world, and takes a passage in Charon’s boat, I must transfer my stock of affections to lady Patm. I have
a scheme

a scheme in my head, which you must manage to forward such a design. One will do as well as the other, I love them equally, they are equally ridiculous, the one as foolishly fond of painting as the other of poetry.

Smockington.

LETTER III.

Dear Jack,

LADY Leer's disorder is now known, she has got the small pox, and is likely to be very much scarified. I'm glad on't, it will give me an opportunity to pretend my passion was beyond skin deep.

I should be happy to change her for lady Pam, for I find that lady Pam's fortune tells at the rate of two hundred a year more than lady Leer's, and you know with an additional two hundred a year, one might do two hundred additional pretty things.

If

If a woman's looks were the index of her heart, I might construe some of lady Pam's glances in my favor; but it is as impossible to judge of a woman's inclination as which way a weathercock will be to-morrow.

The duce take the small-pox, I wish she was either dead or well, that she might be tied to one for life, who would either break her heart, or make her as submissive as a lamb.

Bon Jour,

Smockington.

LETTER IV.

Jack,

O Pen both your ears, or rather eyes, and you will be deliciously entertained with this epistle.

Lady Leer is worse and quite a fright.

Lady

Lady Pam, in spite of her violent attachment, takes a malignant satisfaction in viewing the devastations, which the grand enemy to beauty makes in the features of Lady Leer.

Last night we had a-tete a-tete together, you shall judge of the whole.

My lord, said lady Pam, screwing up her mouth ; Is not the disorder of my dear friend a great affliction to your lordship ?

Undoubtedly madam, every thing must affect a lover, which endangers the life of a beloved mistress.

I dare to say my lord, you will be inconsolable for the loss of her beauty.

Indeed madam, you wrong me in your opinion ; I should never pay adoration to beauty alone, there are other charms much more attractive to me ; besides, if beauty was my sole consideration, there are some who could inspire a much stronger flame than lady Leer.

Indeed my lord—why I always took lady Leer to be one of the handsomest women in the kingdom.

Then

Then your ladyship never viewed yourself in a proper light.

My lord you grow rude, a compliment to me is an affront to my sick friend; besides you are insincere, you don't really think me so handsome as lady Leers.

I assured her she had entertained a wrong opinion of my estimation of beauty; at least her glass might convince her, that if I had any eyes, I must speak according to my conscience, in giving her the preference.

She then, in spite of her anger, compell'd me to affront her twenty times over, by a repetition of the same flattery.

Oh! woman! woman!

Smockington.

no gentleman need had been reflecting on my private character for beauty, and from the nature of things, the town is not only unnatural, but impossible, and that she was certain I dissembled in compliment to her sick friend. However, as lady Leers was so strongly convinced, and was likely

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CHAPTER VIII.

Female FRIENDSHIP.

Lord Smackington to John Crafty.

Dear Jack,

WEighty affairs have prevented my writing to you sooner, when you know the occasion you will excuse my remissness.

Lady Leer was for eight days delirious, on the first day lady Pam and myself had a long conference.

She told me she had been reflecting on my pretended disregard for beauty, and from the nature of things, she found it not only unnatural, but impossible; and that she was certain I dissembled in compliment to her sick friend. However as lady Leer was so shockingly scarified, and was likely

so

to to continue, she thought the most advisable thing she could do, would be to break off the match effectually.

I was startled at her words, the seriousness of her looks confounded me, I could only utter, madam!

Nay my lord, never start, I shall punctually do what I tell you. I know it impossible for any man to fall in love with the mind unless a beautiful person contains it. I would fain see a man fell in love with an old woman of seventy, then since I'm convinc'd that you fall in love with lady Leer for her beauty, and that beauty is no more, it is a duty incumbent upon the friendship I profess to her, to prevent you from being united to her, for if you have made her any promise, though your honor may prompt you to keep it, yet that coolness of behaviour which necessarily follows distaste, will make her for ever miserable; she had better remain single, unless she could recover her beauty, or at least marry one who had never seen her during the meridian of her charms.

I was still confounded and made no answer, fearing that I might commit a blunder.

She resum'd her discourse.

But if I deprive you of what you have once thought was a blessing that would await you, it is proper I should make you some recompence, I shall prevent you from having lady Leer through friendship for her. But friendship must not overturn generosity, as far as I can make reparation I ought to do it. Command me then to the extent of my power.

This was pretty broad, and it is not my business to misunderstand.

I pressed matters home, and told her the only recompence she could make me for depriving me of her friend, would be to bless me with herself.

She smirk'd, and simper'd, and shed tears, poor soul, and dried them up again, and blushed and made fifty objections, which about five reasons served to answer.

She at length consented to give me her hand.

I bestir'd myself to procure a licence, which I got the next day.

On the day following we were married at St. Alban's. I went through the whole ceremony with a hearty design to serve myself, while lady Pam pretended that she acted this consummate piece of treachery, merely to serve her friend; the fact is, she propos'd two pleasures to herself, the pleasure of circumventing her friend, and the pleasure of marring a prophecy.

Smockington.

We shall now return to lord Fawn.

He thought it was rather too far to ramble to Italy in search of *Sebastiano Conca's* portrait, of a foolish boy killing a butterfly, he therefore only retired to Cambridge, and designed to remain incog, till the length of time should sufficiently apologize for the length of the journey, and determin'd at his leisure to have a picture drawn according to the description.

At Cambridge he met with a painter, and would fain have employed him, but upon demanding if he could execute a little silly trifle for him,

The painter, in a contemptuous tone, replied, that his business was too important to suffer him to throw away his time upon trifles.

He then found out another canvas dauber, who painted the thing as badly as he could wish, for sure canvas was never abused in such a despicable manner.

When lady Leer recovered, instead of finding her friend, who was so violently attached to her, or her lover who was so deeply enamour'd of her charms, she only found this delicate epistle:

Dear Celinda.

AS your loss of beauty would undoubtedly have occasioned the loss of your husband's affections, that is my dear if you had

had been married to lord Smockington, I, out of the violence of my affections for you, and in the extremity of a friendly attachment, have married him myself, that your delicate nerves might not suffer a shock by that coldness in my lord's behaviour, which your want of charms would necessarily cause, therefore I hope you will consider this affair in its proper light, and believe I am with as violent an attachment as ever your sincere friend,

Adriana.

This curious epistle greatly amazed her, her pride supported her spirits.

She removed to her own house at London, but soon after hearing that lord Smockington had dispos'd of the house at Waltham. She purchased it from the then proprietor, in order to put a scheme in execution which she had conceived.

When lord Fawn thought he had stay'd

a sufficient time, he came in smoaking haste to the door, with his fine piece of painting. He enquired if lady Pam was within, little thinking that while he was picture hunting to gratify her whim, she had conscienciously taken another.

The servants inform'd him she was within, being previously instructed to answer to the name of lady Pam, and not to undeceive him with respect to the identity of the person; they however informed him of her having had the small pox, which information, prepar'd him not to be surprized at whatever alteration he might perceive in her features; besides as the small pox had not disfigured her money, he concern'd himself very little about her person.

He was introduced and produced, his picture, which was pronounced inimitable.

He never mention'd a syllable about the small-pox.

Lady Leer thought it was not her business to put him in mind of her being ugly, and to her scarified features underwent no manner of scrutiny.

CHAPTER IX.

Deceptive Matrimony.

LORD Fawn claimed her hand as a reward for his assiduity.

As she long'd for the question and was mad to give her consent to it, she did herself the pleasure not to give him a denial.

A licence was procur'd, and three more suns saw the nuptial torch wav'd over their bed. Indeed cupid had nothing to do in the affair, and Hymen was fast asleep during the whole ceremony, for the pleasure of deceiving him was the only passion the lady had for his lordship, and her acres were all that he valued.

Money, as an Hibernian friend of mine says, is the loco-motive power of all things.

Money has the power above,

The stars and fate to manage love;

Those arrows learned poets hold,

That never fail, are tip'd with gold.

For money 'tis that is the great
 Provocative to amorous heat;
 'Tis beauty always in the flower,
 That buds and blossoms at fourscore;
 'Tis virtue, wit, and worth and all,
 That men divine and sacred call;
 For whats the worth of any thing,
 But so much money as 'twill bring.

It cannot be supposed that lord Fawn remained long in the dark, with respect to the identical person with whom he had been trick'd into marriage. He was soon inform'd of the whole affair, however he was happy it was no worse, he had got a good fortune at least, and his wife's piece of ingenious deceit gave him a very good pretence to use her ill; not but what he had inclination enough to do it without any pretence at all.

Nor was lady Smockington without her sorrows. In less than a month's time she heartily repented that she had ever took it into her head to marry prophecies; she protested

protested she would never try to thwart the will of fate again.

Thus we find it may be a misfortune to have too much money and to be independent, which by some are accounted such blessings. A rich heiress is always in danger.

For what did heiress ever yet,
By being born to lordships get;
When the more lady she's of manors,
She's but expos'd to more trepanners;
Pays for their projects and designs,
And for her own destruction fines;
And does but tempt them with her riches,
To use them as the devil does witches;
Who take it for a special grace,
To be their cully for a space;
That when the time's expired the drazels,
For ever may become his vassals;
So she bewitch'd by rocks and spirits,
Betrays herself and all she inherits;
Is bought and sold like stolen goods
By pimps, match makers and by bawds;
Until they force her to convey,
And steal the thief himself away.

To

To conceal themselves, both the ladies entered as members of the coterie, where they received such excellent instructions concerning the management of domestic affairs, that they made their respective homes very much resemble the abode of Lucifer himself, so that they could hardly get a servant who would stay with them.

The two noblemen one evening met together by chance at Whites.

They were unacquainted with each others person; but they soon upon comparing notes, found out their connections, when the following polite dialogue ensued.

But I'll reserve it for another chapter.



CHAPTER XX

The B E T T

Lord Fawn.

WELL my Lord, how do you like matrimony.

Smockington.

Oh! excellently well, 'tis the most delicious state of life a man can enjoy; when all other amusements grow dull and insipid. I can always find an inexhaustible fund of entertainment in tormenting my wife; but how does your lordship pass your time.

Fawn.

Much in the same manner my Lord.

Lady Fawn and myself every day enjoy the sublime satisfaction of mortifying each other to the utmost extent of our abilities.

Smockington.

Smockington.

Damn it, my wife should have belong'd to you, and yours to me. As we are in the zenith of the bon ton my lord, suppose we strike a *Coup d'Eclat*.

Raston

As how my lord,

Smockington.

I'll tell you my lord, we'll throw a main for the winner to take both:

Fawn.

In so doing, we shall play contrary to the practice of gamesters, for we shall both play with a desire to lose.

Smockington.

Be that as it will my lord, we shall be diverted, and such a bett you know will be quite the thing.

They accordingly shook their elbows, and chance decided in favour of lord Fawn.

He

He however complained that he was so heartily sick of one wife, that he feared two would be too much for him, he therefore entreated lord Smockington to take his revenge and throw for his wife, he complied and won lord Fawn's lady.

Our two lords of genius acquainted their ladies with their loss, informing them as it was an affair of honor, they should think of an immediate compliance with the decision of fortune.

They were so well beloved by their virtuous spouses that they complied without hesitation, as they thought the affair would appear polite to the highest degree, render them amiable in the eyes of their friends of the coterie, and afford them an opportunity of enjoying variety.

The exchange was mutually made with the greatest complacency and decorum to the great honour of all the parties concern'd.

By mutual agreement, these ingenious noblemen surprized each other with their
wives,

wives, sued each other for *crim con*, and obtained equal damages, so that none were gainers but the gentlemen of the long robe who had the handling the causes. This was a new addition to their fame.

Upon the verdicts for *crim con*, they both obtained divorces; when my lord Fawn married a cast off mistress of the prime minister's, to still augment his favour at court. And the earl of Smockington received the hand of the chaste *Clytemnestra* in marriage, while the two discarded wives again renewed their *violent attachment*, and consol'd themselves for the loss of their husbands, by the assistance of two vigorous Irish footmen.

Time, time, to what spot in the compass of folly wilt thou point next.

F I N I S.

